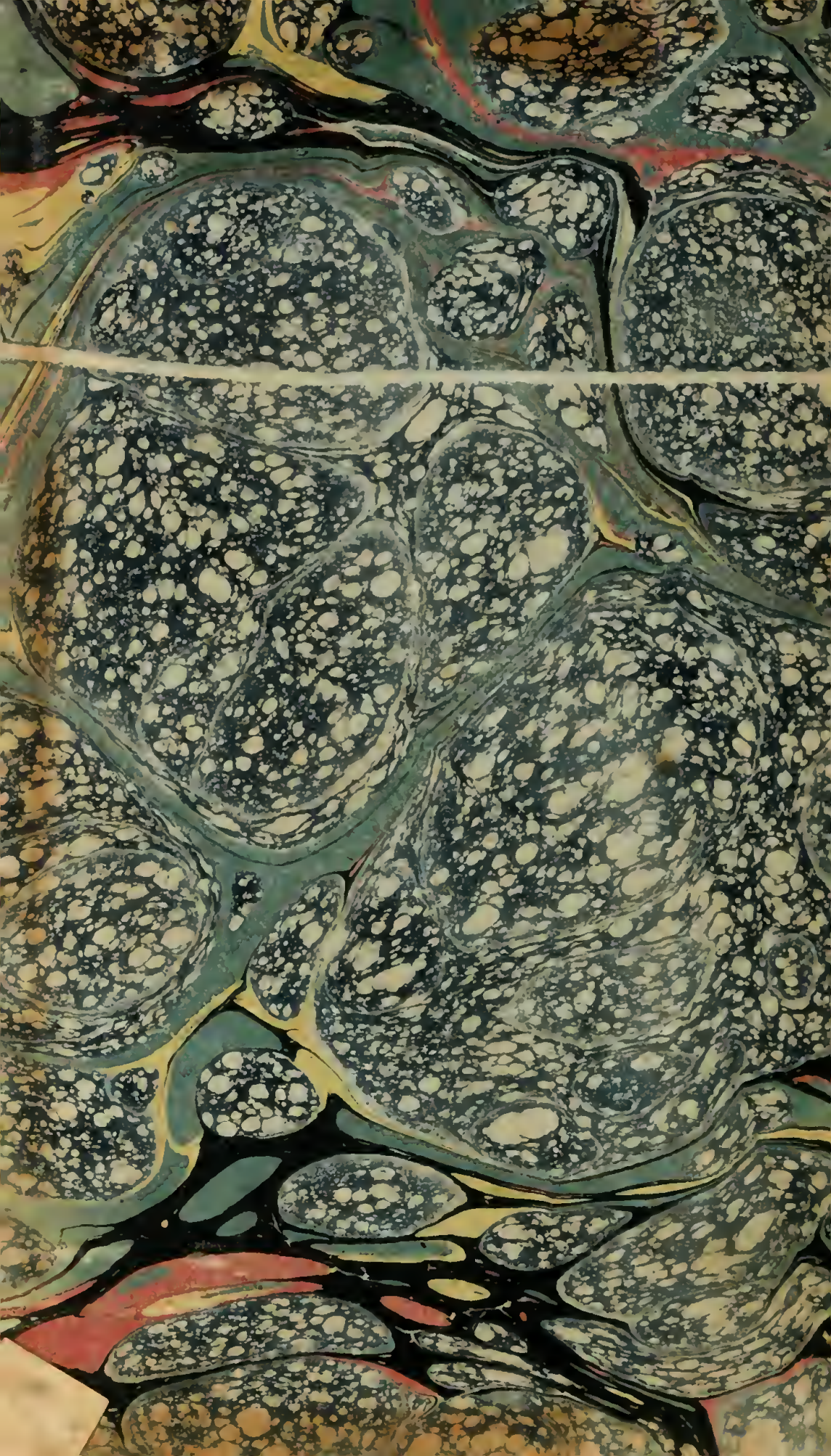
THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

GIFT OF

FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD



WATTS's POEMS,

forming part of

Cookes's Pocket Edition of

the Original & Complete Works of

SELECT BRITISH POETS,

or Entertaining Poetical Library,

containing the most Esteemed

Poetic Productions

Superbly ed

Corbould del. Hawkins sculp.

These are the Heads we lately knew Vide Page 16.

Printed for G. Cooke. May 12. 1801.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, DD.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

Regard the man who, in ſeraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled muſe's art,
The heavenly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t'inſpire
With holy raptures, and a ſacred fire.

Euſebia.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17, Paternoſter-Row;
By J. ASPIN, Lombard Street, Whitefriars;
And ſold by all the Bookſellers in
Great Britain and
Ireland.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, DD.

Containing his

PREFACE,	MORAL SONGS,
HORÆ LYRICÆ,	HYMNS,
DIVINE SONGS,	&c. &c.

Sovereign of ſacred verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe,
A muſe the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.
No vulgar themes thy pious muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page.
You in majeſtic numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For every grace of every muſe is thine.

Britannicus.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

Engraved by J. Hopwood from a Painting by G. White.

Dr. WATTS.

Engraved for C. Cooke

PR.
3767
W2 A11

LIFE OF DR. WATTS.

THAT the memorials of the life of this very learned and exemplary divine are not ſo copious, as, from the great merit of his character, might naturally be expected, is owing to his own ſingular modeſty; or, as Dr. Gibbons obſerves, 'not becauſe there was no friend who would willingly pay that reſpect to his memory as to write the hiſtory of his life, but becauſe he himſelf diſapproved it; for when he has been deſired to leave ſome memoirs that might furniſh ſuch a hiſtory, he abſolutely declined it, and deſired that his character might ſtand in the world merely as it would appear in his works.' But to perpetuate the memory of ſo ornamental a member of ſociety, both as a man and a Chriſtian, and hold up ſo ſhining an example to the imitation of poſterity, ſome brief memoirs of his life were given to the world by Dr. Jennings, in his funeral ſermon, preached December 11th, 1748, which, with ſome additions, were prefixed, by Dr. Gibbons, to the Collection of his Works, in ſix volumes quarto, publiſhed in 1754.

The particulars contained in the preſent account of the life and writings of our author, are taken from the Memoirs of Dr. Jennings, and the ſubſequent narratives of Dr. Gibbons and Dr. Johnſon; and we have to remark, that he ſtood ſo high in the opinion of the latter, that his poems were inſerted in the Collection of Engliſh Poets, publiſhed in 1779, at his expreſs recommendation. The declaration of Dr. Johnſon, prefixed to the life of Watts, is as follows:

'The Poems of Dr. Watts were by my recommendation inſerted in this Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me, whatever pleaſure or wearineſs they may find in the peruſal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.'

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, of parents who were eminent for their attachment to the cauſe of religion, and the ſufferings they underwent in the perſecution of the proteſtant diſſenters, in the reign of Charles II. His father, Iſaac Watts, kept a boarding-ſchool, in the town of Southampton; and though common report makes him a

ſhoemaker, he appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Iſaac, the eldeſt of nine children, diſcovered, from his infancy, a remarkable propenſity to learning, and was early diſtinguiſhed for the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of his wit, which at that period of life was under the reſtriction of the moſt rigid rules of decorum. He began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was only four years old, moſt probably at home. He afterwards was inſtructed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman, maſter of the free-ſchool, at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his ſcholar afterwards inſcribed a Latin ode in his Horæ Lyricæ.

His literary attainments were ſo far ſuperior to his contemporaries at ſchool, that, at the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorne, a ſubſcription was propoſed for his ſupport at the Univerſity; but he ingenuouſly declared his reſolution of adhering to the Diſſenters, among whom he had been educated. 'Such he was,' ſays Dr. Johnſon, 'as every Chriſtian church would have rejoiced to have adopted.'

He was ſent, 1690, to an academy in London, under the direction of Mr. Rowe, where he had for his fellow-ſtudents in the ſciences, Mr. Hughes, the poet; Mr. Samuel Say, afterwards an eminent diſſenting miniſter; and Mr. Horte, afterwards archbiſhop of Tuam. With Hughes he maintained a poetical and friendly correſpondence till the death of that amiable poet, in 1720. Mr. Say, after having been ſome time miniſter of a congregation at Ipſwich, ſucceeded Dr. Calamy at Weſtminſter, in 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, his poems, and two eſſays in proſe, were publiſhed in one quarto volume, by ſubſcription. The eſſays, one of which is 'On the Harmony, Variety, and Power of Numbers in general;' and the other, 'On thoſe of Paradiſe Loſt in particular,' have been much admired. Some Latin eſſays, ſuppoſed to have been written by Watts, as exerciſes at this academy, ſhew a degree of knowledge, both philoſophical and theological, ſuch as very few attain by a much longer courſe of ſtudy.

Our Author was, as he hints in his Miſcellanies, a maker of verſes from fifteen to fifty; and in his youth, he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verſes to his brother, in the *glyconic* meaſure, written when he was ſeventeen, are remarkably eaſy and elegant. Dr. Johnſon obſerves that 'ſome of his odes are deformed by the Pindaric folly, then pre-

vailing; and are written with ſuch neglect of all metrical rules as is without example among the ancients; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has ſuch copiouſneſs and ſplendour, as ſhews that he was but at a very little diſtance from excellence.'

His method of ſtudy was to impreſs the contents of his books upon his memory, by abridging them, and by interleaving them, to amplify one ſyſtem with ſupplements from another. While he was under the tuition of Mr. Rowe, his behaviour was not only ſo conſiſtent as to obviate the neceſſity of a ſingle reproof; but ſo exemplary, that it was often propoſed as a pattern to the reſt of the ſtudents.

In his nineteenth year, he joined in communion with the congregation of Independents, of which Mr. Rowe, his worthy tutor, was miniſter; and at the age of twenty he left the academy, and ſpent two years in ſtudy at the houſe of his father, who treated him with great tenderneſs, and had the happineſs, indulged to few parents, of living to ſee his ſon eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

In 1696, he was invited by ſir John Hartopp, bart. to reſide in his family, at Stoke-Newington, as tutor to his ſon, where he continued about four years, and acquitted himſelf with the utmoſt fidelity and reputation. During that time, he applied himſelf cloſely to the ſtudy of the Holy Scriptures, and of the beſt commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his entrance on the miniſterial function, of the importance of which, he had the moſt ſerious ſenſe impreſſed on his mind. Being choſen aſſiſtant to Dr. Chauncy, he preached the firſt time on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year; probably, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, 'conſidering that as the day of a ſecond nativity, by which he entered on a new period of exiſtence.'

In March 1702, he ſucceeded Dr. Chauncy on his miniſterial office; but ſoon after his entrance on his charge, he was attacked by a dangerous diſorder, which brought him to ſo low a ſtate, that the congregation thought an aſſiſtant neceſſary, and appointed the Rev. Mr. Price, in July 1703. His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty till September, 1712, when he was ſeized by a fever, of ſuch violence and continuance, that from the weakneſs it brought on him he never perfectly recovered. He was not able to reſume his miniſterial function till October, 1716. In the mean time, his aſſiſtant,

Mr. Price, was, at his desire, and by his recommendation, chosen by the congregation to be joint pastor with him.

The languishing state of his health called for the exertion of his friends in his favour, and soon excited the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house, where, with a constancy of friendship, and uniformity of conduct, rarely to be found, he was treated, for thirty-six years, with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with Lady Abney and her daughter to the end of life. The lady died about a year after him.

A connection like this, in which the notions of patronage and dependance were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserve a particular memorial; we shall therefore introduce the following quotation from Dr. Gibbons, to whose representation regard is to be paid, as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes beside.

'Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death; a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts at least a stop to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removed from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here, he dwelt in a family, which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to sooth his mind, and aid his restoration to his health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight.

'Had it not been for this most happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor, and inability for public ser-

vice, and even for profitable ſtudy, or perhaps might have ſunk into the grave, under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midſt of his days; and thus the church and the world would have been deprived of thoſe many excellent ſermons and works, which he drew up and publiſhed during his long reſidence in this family.'

'In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable conſort ſurvives, who ſhews the Doctor the ſame reſpect and friendſhip as before, and moſt happily for him, and great numbers beſides; for as her riches were great, her generoſity and munificence were in full proportion. Her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's; and this excellent man, through her kindneſs, and that of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like manner eſteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his firſt entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finiſhed, and, like a ſhock of corn in its ſeaſon, he aſcended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy.'

Dr. Johnſon, having given this extract from the account of Dr. Gibbons, makes the following remark:

'If this quotation has appeared long, let it be conſidered, that it compriſes an account of ſix-and-thirty years, and thoſe the years of Dr. Watts.'

The life of our author, during the whole time of his reſidence in this family, was no otherwiſe diverſified than by ſucceſſive publications, the number and variety of which, ſhew the intenſeneſs of his induſtry, and the extent of his capacity.

In 1728, the univerſities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, with great propriety, and without any kind of ſolicitation, conferred on him, by ſpecial diploma, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. 'Academical honours,' Dr. Johnſon obſerves, 'would have more value, if they were always beſtowed with equal judgment.' He continued many years to ſtudy, to preach, and to do good by his inſtructions and example; till, at laſt, the infirmities of age diſabled him from the more laborious part of his miniſterial functions; and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the ſalary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the reſignation. His weakneſs increaſed by degrees, and at laſt confined him to his chamber and his bed, where he was worn gradually away, without pain, till he expired, on the fifth of November 1748, in the ſeventy fifth year of his age.

He left his brother, Mr. Enoch Watts, and Nathaniel Neale, Esq. an eminent attorney of London, son of the Rev. Daniel Neale, author of the *History of Puritans*, and nephew of Dr. Lardner, his joint-executors. His manuscripts, by the direction of his will, were committed to the care of Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Jennings: The latter writes Dr. Doddridge, Jan. 5, 1748-9, 'I believe we shall not have near so much trouble in publishing the Doctor's manuscripts as I expected. I learn from Mr. Parker (the doctor's amanuensis) there is little, if any thing, more, remaining of that sort, than the second part of the *Improvement of the Mind*. He tells me, there are also some miscellaneous things, in the manner of his *Reliquiæ Juveniles*. If I should be engaged,' he adds, 'in drawing up the Doctor's character, I am much obliged to you, for the judicious hints you have furnished me with for that purpose.'

A summary account of the contents of the several volumes, pointing out the dates of the more considerable pieces, and interspersing such remarks as may serve to delineate his character as a writer, may enable the reader to form a consistent idea of his extensive genius, accomplished learning, and truly amiable and benevolent temper.

The first volume contains, 'Forty-four Sermons on various Subjects, divine and moral, with Hymns annexed, suited to each Subject.' 'The World to come, or Discourses on the Joys and Sorrows of departed Souls at Death, and the Glory or Terror of the Resurrection.' To these Discourses is prefixed, an 'Essay towards a Proof of a separate State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection, and the Commencement of the Rewards of Virtue and Vice immediately after Death.' 'Nine Sermons upon some of the principal Heads of the Christian Religion,' preached at the Lecture in Berry-street.

The second volume contains, 'Twelve Evangelical Discourses on several Subjects, with an Essay on the Powers of Flesh and Spirit.' 'Death and Heaven; in Two funeral Discourses, in Memory of Sir John Hartopp, and his Lady.' 'The Strength and Weakness of Human Reason, in Four Conferences.' 'Humility, represented in the Character of St. Paul; with some additional Observations from his MS.' 'A Defence against the Temptation to Self-Murder.' 'The Holiness of Times, and Places, and People.' 'A Caveat against Infidelity, or the Danger of Apostacy from the Christian Faith.' 'The Harmony of all Religion which God

ever revealed.' 'The Doctrine of the Paſſions explained and improved.' 'Diſcourſes on the Love of God, and its Influence on all the Paſſions; with a devout Meditation annexed to each Subject.' 'An Eſſay towards the Encouragement of Charity Schools.' 'A Sermon for the Reformation of Manners.' 'A Sermon on the Death of George I.'

The third volume contains, 'An humble Attempt towards the Revival of practical Religion.' 'A Guide to Prayer; or a or a free and rational Account of the Gift, Grace, and Spirit of Prayer.' 'A Diſcourſe on Catechiſms, with Catechiſms adapted to the various Ages and Capacities of Children and Youth.' 'A ſhort View of the whole Scripture Hiſtory.' 'Prayers compoſed for the Uſe and Imitation of Children.' 'Queſtions propoſed for Students in Divinity, Candidates for the Miniſtry, and young Chriſtians.' 'Orthodoxy and Charity Unity, in ſeveral reconciling Eſſays on the Law and Goſpel, Faith and Works.' 'Self-love and Virtue reconciled only by Religion.' 'An Eſſay, to prove that the only effectual Obligation of Mankind to practiſe Virtue, depends on the Exiſtence and Will of God, with an occaſional Proof of of the Neceſſity of a Revelation.' 'The Redeemer and the Sanctifier; or the Sacrifice of Chriſt, and the Operation of the Spirit, vindicated.'

The fourth volume contains chiefly poetical compoſitions, 'The Pſalms of David, imitated in the Language of the New Teſtament.' 'Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books.' 'A ſhort Eſſay towards the Improvement of Pſalmody.' 'Divine Songs and Hymns, attempted in eaſy Language, for the Uſe of Children.' 'Horæ Lyricæ,' poems, chiefly of the lyric kind, in three books; reprinted in the Collection of the Engliſh Poets, and inſerted in our edition of Select Poets: The Preface contains an intereſting account or his poetical ſtudies, and an animated defence of ſacred poetry. 'Reliquæ Juveniles, Thoughts in Proſe and Verſe, on Natural, Moral, and Divine Subjects.' 'Remnants of Time employed in Proſe and Verſe, printed from his MS. 'The Art of Reading and Writing Engliſh.'

The fifth volume compriſes his philoſophical writings. 'Logic, or the Right Uſe of Reaſon in the Enquiry after Truth.' 'The Improvement of the Mind; or a Supplement to the Art of Logic,' in two parts, the ſecond printed from his MS. 'The Knowledge of the Heavens and Earth made Eaſy, or the Firſt Principles of Aſtronomy and Geography explained by the

Uſe of Globes, and Maps.' 'Philoſophical Eſſays on various Subjects, Air, Space, Subſtance, Body, Spirit, Innate Ideas, with Remarks on Mr. Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding.' 'A brief Scheme of Ontology, or the Science of Being in general,' annexed to the firſt edition of Philoſophical Eſſays.

The ſixth volume contains his controverſial writings. 'The Rational Foundation of a Chriſtian Church.' 'A New Eſſay on Civil Power in Things Sacred; occaſioned by the Application to Parliament for the Explication or Repeal of the Corporation and Teſt Acts.' 'The Ruin and Recovery of Mankind; or an Attempt to vindicate the Scriptural Account of thoſe great Events, upon the plain Principles of Reaſon.' 'An Eſſay on the Freedom of Will in God and the Creatures and on various Subjects connected with the ſame.' 'The Chriſtian Doctrine of the Trinity,' &c. 'Seven Diſſertations relating to the Chriſtian Doctrine of the Trinity,' &c. &c.

In an aſſemblage of writings, both in proſe and verſe, of ſuch uncommon variety, the attentive and judicious will certainly diſcern the marks of eminent capacity, and aſſiduous application; and will be diſpoſed to make candid allowances for ſome inſtances of peculiar ſentiment and language, which may not exactly correſpond with their own taſte and judgment. His early inclination for poetry may probably have occaſioned ſuch a florid diction, ſuch a diffuſive and pathetic ſtyle, as ſome critics may be diſpoſed to object to, as not ſo properly adapted to theological diſcourſes, whether popular or polemical; but when every deduction is made that criticiſm requires, very conſiderable inſtruction and entertainment will be communicated to thoſe who carefully peruſe, and thoroughly digeſt, his more elaborate and judicious compoſitions.

Dr. Jennings, a divine of profound erudition and great ingenuity, ſpeaks of his deceaſed friend, in the following terms:

'The natural ſtrength of his genius, when cultivated and improved by a very conſiderable acquaintance with the moſt conſiderable writers, both ancient and modern, had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon ſtore of juſt ſentiments, and uſeful knowledge; for his ſoul was too noble and enlarged to be confined within narrow limits: He could not be content to leave any path of learning untrod, nor to reſt in a total ignorance of any ſcience, the knowledge of which might be for his own improvement, or might any ways tend to enlarge his capacity of being uſeful to others; though that which gave

him the moſt remarkable pre-eminence, was the extent and ſublimity of his imagination. Yet how few have excelled, or even equalled, him in quickneſs of apprehenſion, or ſolidity of judgment! And having alſo a faithful memory to retain what he collected from the labours of others, he was able to pay it back again in the common treaſury of learning, with a large increaſe. I queſtion whether any author, before him, ever appeared, with reputation, on ſuch a variety of ſubjects as he has done, both as a proſe writer and a poet. However, this I may venture to ſay, that there is no man living, of whoſe works ſo many have been diſperſed, both at home and abroad, that are in ſuch conſtant uſe, and tranſlated into ſuch variety of languages, many of which will, I doubt not, remain more durable monuments of his great talents, than any repreſentation I can make of them, though it were to be graven on pillars of braſs. Thus did he ſhine as an ingenious man and a ſcholar.

'But we are further to obſerve him in a more exalted point of view, for our inſtruction and imitation: I mean, as a Chriſtian, in which character he ſhone brighteſt of all; and it is hard to ſay, what grace or virtue was moſt conſpicuous in him, and moſt characteriſtic of him.

'Pure and undiſſembled piety was the ſettled habit and conſtant ornament of his mind; and though he loved and enjoyed much retirement, ye the did not thereby contract any thing of an affected ſhinneſs, or monkiſh auſterity: the ſatisfaction and pleaſure that he found in private meditation, rendered him the more eaſy and cheerful in his converſe with men, and ſeemed to enlighten his very countenance.

'His humility was like a deep ſhade, if I may ſo expreſs it, that ſet off his other graces and virtues, and made them ſhine with a brighter luſtre; and as his grace had a powerful influence on his mind and temper, ſo it had no little effect in forming his own ſentiments, and directed his carriage and behaviour towards others; from hence flowed that condeſcenſion and gentleneſs, that humanity and kindneſs, that could not but endear him to all who had the pleaſure of converſing with him, and which rendered him truly venerable, in a much higher degree than all the honours and applauſes he could receive from all the world.'

It was thought by many, that, in the latter part of his life, Dr. Watts changed his opinion concerning the much diſputed doctrine of the Trinity. In his epiſtolary correſpondence with a reverend friend, not publiſhed till ſo late as the year 1793, he

confeſſes that 'he wiſhed ſome things were corrected which relate to the *Trinitarian* doxologies in his books of Hymns;' from which it is obvious to remark, that he entertained ſome doubts on this head; but how far he changed his ſentiments reſpecting the doctrine before his death, cannot be fully aſcertained, nor is it of much importance to enquire, ſince it was univerſally allowed that he was, in every inſtance, a moſt venerable and exemplary character both as a man and a Chriſtian.

The intellectual and moral accompliſhments of our Author were in the higheſt degree reſpectable. The natural ſtrength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very conſiderable acquaintance with the moſt eminent writers, both ancient and modern, enriched his mind with an uncommon ſtore of juſt ſentiments and uſeful knowledge of various kinds. The extent and ſublimity of his imagination, a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and a ſolidity of judgment, together with a faithful memory, gave him a remarkable pre-eminence.

As a Chriſtian, he was eminent for pure undiſſembled piety, humility, candour, and charity. He maintained a free and friendly correſpondence with Chriſtians of different parties and denominations. He engaged in controverſy, with a pacific view, to heal and reconcile diſputes among Chriſtians, rather than to make proſelytes to any party; and wrote with ſuch a ſpirit of meekneſs and candour, as is truly inſtructive and exemplary. The goodneſs of his heart was diſplayed in liberal and beneficent actions; and during the laſt thirty years of his life, he conſtantly devoted a fifth part of his income, which did not exceed a hundred a year, to charitable uſes. His patience and reſignation to the will of God in ſeaſons of affliction, were eminently approved.

The poetical compoſitions of Watts, are characteriſed by an happy freedom of verſification, of ſpirit, and of piety; and it may be ſaid in his own words, that in his *Odes*

'A thouſand looſe pindaric plumes fly ſcattering down the wind.'

It may not be amiſs to remark, that Watts was introduced in the firſt edition of the Dunciad, on account of his Pſalms, which are deſervedly in great eſtimation: but obſerving to a friend, that Pope profeſſed to ſatyrize none but thoſe who attacked him, which he never had; and this being repreſented to the Satirift, in the next edition his name was omitted.

Such a divine as our Author, may naturally be ſuppoſed to have been a favourite with Dr. Johnſon, the leading feature of whoſe mind was religion; and it is but doing him juſtice to acknowledge, that though he is not remarkable for paying compliments to the Diſſenters, he has delineated his character with liberality and candour. If he has occaſionally introduced ſome aſperities in his remarks on his poetry, we preſume thoſe who reſpect the character of Dr. Watts, will be diſpoſed to pardon him, in conſideration of the unqualified applauſe beſtowed on his piety and innocence, his fidelity and diligence, his gentleneſs and modeſty, his charity and moderation.

'He was one of the firſt authors,' ſays Dr. Johnſon, 'that taught the Diſſenters to court attentively the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteneſs, was commonly obſcured and blunted by coarſeneſs and inelegance of ſtyle. He ſhewed them that zeal and purity might be expreſſed and enforced by poliſhed diction.

'He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low ſtature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance, made his diſcourſes very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foſter had gained by his proper delivery, to my friend Dr. Hawkeſworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation, he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

'Such was his flow of thought, and ſuch his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompoſe his curſory ſermons; but having adjuſted the heads, and ſketched out ſome particulars, truſted for ſucceſs to his extemporary powers.

'He did not endeavour to aſſiſt his eloquence by any geſticulations; for as no corporeal actions have any correſpondence with theological truth, he did not ſee how they could enforce it. At the concluſion of weighty ſentences he gave time, by a ſhort pauſe, for the proper impreſſion.

'To ſtated and public inſtruction, he added familiar viſits and perſonal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which converſation afforded for diffuſing and increaſing the influence of religion.

'By his natural temper he was quick of reſentment; but by

his eſtabliſhed and habitual practice, he was gentle, modeſt, and inoffenſive. His tenderneſs appeared in his attention to children and to the poor. To the latter he was munificent in an extraordinary degree; and to the former, he condeſcended to lay aſide the ſcholar, the philoſopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and ſyſtems of inſtruction adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reaſon, through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man acquainted with the common principles of human actions, will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another, making a catechiſm for children in their fourth year. A voluntary deſcent from the dignity of ſcience is, perhaps, the hardeſt leſſon humility can teach.

'As his mind was capacious, his curioſity excurſive, and his induſtry indefatigable, his writings are very numerous and his ſubjects various. With his theological works, I am only enough acquainted to admire the meekneſs of his oppoſition, and the mildneſs of his cenſures. It was not only in his books, but in his mind, that orthodoxy was united with charity.

'Of his philoſophical pieces, his logic has been received into the Univerſities, and therefore wants no private recommendation. If he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it muſt be conſidered that no man who undertakes merely to methodize or illuſtrate a ſyſtem, pretends to be its author.

'In his metaphyſical diſquiſitions, it was obſerved by a learned contemporary, that he confounded the idea of *ſpace* with that of *empty ſpace*, and did not conſider that ſpace might be without matter, yet matter, being extended, could not be without ſpace.

'Few books have been peruſed by me with greater pleaſure, than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Underſtanding*; but they are ſo expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the higheſt degree uſeful and pleaſing. Whoever has the care of inſtructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty, if this book be not recommended.

'I have mentioned his Treatiſes on Theology as diſtinct from his other productions; but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his inceſſant ſolicitude for the happineſs of mankind in a future ſtate, converted to theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffuſed over his works.

Under his direction it may be truly ſaid, *Theologiæ Philoſophia ancillatur.* Philoſophy is ſubſervient to evangelical inſtruction; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at leaſt wiſhing, to be better. The intention is caught by indirect inſtruction, and he that ſat down only to reaſon, is on a ſudden compelled to pray.

'Few men have left behind ſuch purity of character, or ſuch monuments of laborious piety. He has provided inſtruction for all ages, from thoſe who are liſping their firſt leſſons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke. He has left neither corporeal nor ſpiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reaſoning, and the ſcience of the ſtars.

'His character, therefore, muſt be formed from the multiplicity and diverſity of his attainments, rather than from any ſingle performance; for it would not be ſafe to claim for him the higheſt rank in any ſingle denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps, there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different purſuits.

'As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have ſtood high among the authors with whom he is now aſſociated; for his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice diſcernment. His imagination, as the *Dacian Battle* proves, was vigorous and active, and the ſtores of knowledge were large, by which his imagination was to be ſupplied. His ear was well tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is like that of others, unſatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition; and the ſanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is ſufficient for Watts to have done better than others, what no man has done well.

'His poems on other ſubjects ſeldom riſe higher than might be expected from the amuſements of a man of letters, and have different degrees of value, as they are more or leſs laboured, or as the occaſion was more or leſs favourable to invention.

'He writes too often without regular meaſures, and too often in blank verſe. The rhymes are not always ſufficiently correſpondent. His lines are commonly ſmooth and eaſy, and his thoughts always religiouſly pure; but who is there, that to ſo much piety and innocence does not wiſh for a greater meaſure of ſprightlineſs and vigour? He is, however, one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be ſafely

pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to imitate him in all but his *nonconformity*; to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.'

In this Edition of the Poems of Dr. Watts, we have omitted his Psalms and Hymns, as they are peculiarly adapted to devotional exercises, have long been published, detached from his productions on miscellaneous subjects, and may be easily procured by those to whom they are objects of preference; so that their insertion in this Edition would only swell it to an extent that would considerably enhance the price, without accomplishing an adequate purpose.

By the lovers of variety and elegance in composition, it is presumed, the omission will be readily dispensed with; as the subjects being restricted, cannot afford sufficient scope for a full display of the powers of invention, or the force and copiousness of diction. To these observations may be added, the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who, amidst the highest encomiums on the character of Dr. Watts, as a divine and a poet, mentions his Psalmody in the following terms, as inserted in his life:

'But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition; and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction.'

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

ON READING MR. WATTS'S POEMS,

SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man who in ſeraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, ſings his Maker's praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled muſe's art,
The heavenly ſong comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart, which God has deign'd t' inſpire
With holy raptures, and a ſacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whoſe ſoul and guiltleſs breaſt,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th'Almighty gueſt!
'Tis he that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'ſt to ſing:
He to thy ſoul lets in celeſtial day,
E'en whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal clay.
By death's grim aſpect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy ſake, has death itſelf diſarm'd;
Nor ſhall the grave o'er thee a victory boaſt;
Her triumph in thy riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th'angelic choirs above,
In never-ending ſongs of praiſe and love.

EUSEBIA.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON HIS POEMS.

To murmuring ſtreams, in tender ſtrains,
My penſive muſe no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flowery ſhore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breaſt alarms,
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have loſt their uſual charms.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And ſing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred tranſports feel,
While, Watts, to thy celeſtial ſtrain,
Surpris'd, I liſten ſtill.

The gliding ſtreams their courſe forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending foreſt lends an ear;
The birds their notes forget.

With ſuch a graceful harmony,
Thy numbers ſtill prolong;
And let remoteſt lands reply,
And echo to thy ſong.

Far as the diſtant regions where
The beauteous morning ſprings,
And ſcatters odours through the air,
From her reſplendent wings;

Unto the new-found realms, which ſee
The latter ſun ariſe,
When with a eaſy progreſs, he
Rolls down the nether ſkies.

PHILOMELA*.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON READING HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ,

HAIL, heaven-born muſe! that with celeſtial flame,
And high ſeraphic numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native ſkies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, ſelf-conſcious of a ſoul
Superior, though on earth detain'd a while;
Like ſome propitious angel, that's deſign'd
A reſident in this inferior orb
To guide the wandering ſouls to heavenly bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting ſongs
Haſt ſung to mortal ears, and down to earth

* A name aſſumed by my rival.

Transferr'd the work of heaven; with thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous words, thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The towering height, ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old,
When firſt th' Almighty from the dark abyſs
Of everlaſting night and ſilence, call'd
The ſhining worlds, with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hoſts,
And with external glories fill'd the void;
Harmonious ſeraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs bleſs'd
The bounteous Author of their happineſs:
From orb to orb th' alternate muſic rang,
And from the cryſtal arches of the ſky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native ſeat
Of the firſt happy pair, who join'd their ſongs
To the loud echos of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful hymns terreſtrial heaven,
The paradiſe of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambroſial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal ſweets,
Forbidding death and ſorrow, and beſtow'd
Freſh heavenly bloom, and gay immortal youth.
Not ſo, alas! the vile apoſtate race,
Who, in mad joys, their brutal hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting, with their impious blaſphemies,
The Power ſupreme that gave them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous, they defy'd
Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath

Fearleſs provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; remembering well the day
When driven from pure immortal ſeats above,
A fiery tempeſt hurl'd them down the ſkies,
And hung upon their rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,
Where, bound on ſulphurous lakes, to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
And know JEHOVAH great as well as good:
And, fix'd for ever by eternal fate,
With horror, find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madneſs! that the ſacred muſe,
Firſt taught in heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundleſs glories of the ſky,
Should now to every idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd:
Erecting trophies to each ſordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praiſe
Of haughty Lucifer, the deſperate foe
Of God and man; and winning, every hour,
New votaries to hell, while all the fiends
Hear theſe accurſed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging, they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their helliſh blaſphemies,
And with loud curſes rend the gloomy vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter heav'n, and laugh at hell;
To dreſs up vice in falſe deluſive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading beſotted ſouls through flowery paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantaſtic joys,

To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
And guilty souls, to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
E'en to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish,
You'd been as very fools as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high, shall fall so low.
No more, my muse, of that tremendous thought;
Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
Rivals the hymns of angels, and, like them,
Despises mortal critics' idle rules:
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the Pagan poets ever sung,
Homer or Virgil; and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught the sounding lyre;
And purer far, though Martial's self might seem
A modest poet in our Christian days.

May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor Heathen wit debauch one Chriſtian line,
While with the coarſe and dawbing paint we hide
The ſhining beauties of eternal truth,
That in her native dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.---Oh! like thee,
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To ſubjects worthy of their towering thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and conſecrate your deathleſs lays
To him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

SAY, human ſeraph, whence that charming force,
That flame! that ſoul! which animates each line;
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with ponderous ſenſe? Say, did not He,
The lovely Jeſus, who commands thy breaſt,
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With Jeſus dwells,
Knit in myſterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlaſting ſource
Of love; and what is love in ſouls like thine,
But air and incenſe to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring ſaint, whoſe ſwimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy ſtrains,

How greedily he'd drink the muſic in,
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!
So great a ſtreſs of powerful harmony,
Nature, unable to ſuſtain,
Would ſink, oppreſs'd with joy, to endleſs reſt.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of ſpirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night:
What though no ſhining angel darts from thence,
With leave to publiſh things conceal'd from ſenſe,
In language bright as their's, we here are told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs:
Songs ſuch as Watts' are, and love like his.

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe,
To tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd, your muſe;
Leſt, whilſt th' ecſtatic impulſe you obey,
The ſoul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS,

ON THE FIFTH EDITION OF HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOVEREIGN of ſacred verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.
A muſe, the meaneſt of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the ſong,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
You in majeſtic numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For every grace of every muſe is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his favourite to the realms of light;
Where Rephael's lyre, charms the celeſtial throng,
Delighted cherubs liſtening to the ſong:
From bliſs to bliſs the happy beings rove,
And taſte the ſweets of muſic and of love.
But when the ſofter ſcenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the ſaint,
When you deſcribe how few the happy pairs,
Whoſe hearts united ſoften all their cares,
We ſee to whom the ſweeteſt joys belong,
And Myra's beauties conſecrate your ſong.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleaſing theme for ever dwell;
But the muſe faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy ſtrains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes ſhall in ruins lie,
And all but heaven-born piety ſhall die,
When the laſt trumpet wakes the ſilent dead,
And each laſcivious poet hides his head,
With thee ſhall thy divine Urania riſe,
Crown'd with freſh laurels, to thy native ſkies:

Great How and Gouge ſhall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly ſtrings,
And join the Lyric Ode while ſome fair ſeraph ſings.

Sic ſpirat, ſic optat
Tui amantiſſimus
BRITANNICUS.

PREFACE.

IT has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poeſy, whoſe original is divine, ſhould be enſlaved to vice and profaneneſs; that an art, inſpired from heaven, ſhould have ſo far loſt the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the intereſts of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its moſt glorious deſign! How baſely has it been driven away from its proper ſtation in the temple of God, and abuſed to much diſhonour! The iniquity of men has conſtrained it to ſerve their vileſt purpoſes, while the ſons of piety mourn the ſacrilege and the ſhame.

The eldeſt ſong, which hiſtory has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worſhip paid to the God of Iſrael, when his 'right-hand became glorious in power; when thy right-hand, O Lord, daſhed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hoſts were caſt into the Red-Sea. Thou didſt blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they ſank as lead in the mighty waters.' Exod. xv. This art was maintained ſacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Iſaiah, in deſcribing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought ſo much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkneſs of that diſpenſation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their ſouls far above the level of that economy of ſhadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpſe of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniouſly breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raiſed near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heatheniſm, the Muſes were devoted to the ſame ſervice: the language in which old Heſiod addreſſes them is this:

Μῶσαι Πιερίηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δι᾽ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ᾽ ὑμνείουσαι.

Piërian Muſes, fam'd for heavenly lays,
Deſcend and ſing the God your Father's praiſe.

And he purſues the ſubject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to tranſcribe, if the aſpect and ſound of ſo much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But ſome of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debaſed this divine gift; and many of the writers of the firſt rank, in this our age of national Chriſtians, have, to their eternal ſhame, ſurpaſſed the vileſt of the Gentiles. They have not only diſrobed religion of all the ornaments of verſe, but have employed their pens in impious miſchief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have expoſed her moſt ſacred character to drollery, and dreſſed her up in a moſt vile and ridiculous diſguiſe, for the ſcorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like ſo many goddeſſes, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the ſtrongeſt reſtraints. With ſweetneſs of ſound, and delicacy of expreſſion, they have given a reliſh to blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almoſt in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the ſtage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious deſign of church and ſtate. The preſs has ſpread the poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to ſin, beyond the vicious propenſities of nature, plunged early into diſeaſes and death, and ſunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poeſy was endued with all thoſe allurements that lead the mind away in pleaſing captivity? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual charms, that ſhe might ſeduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the moſt lovely of beings? Can I ever be perſuaded, that thoſe ſweet and reſiſtleſs forces of metaphor, wit, ſound, and number, were given with this deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious ſpirit, to invade the rights of heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting deſtruction upon men? How will theſe allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the blood of many ſouls, whom they never ſaw, ſhall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has ſet this awful ſcene before them, in juſt and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble ſtanza

of my Lord Roſcommon, on Pſalm cxlviii. might be addreſſed to them :

> Ye dragons, whoſe contagious breath
> Peoples the dark retreats of death;
> Change your dire hiſſings into heavenly ſongs,
> And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debaſement of ſo divine an art, has tempted ſome weaker Chriſtians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or, at leaſt, that verſe is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looſer hours; but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is ſerious and ſacred. They ſubmit, indeed, to uſe it in divine pſalmody; but they love the dricſt tranſlation of the pſalm beſt. They will venture to ſing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves, and their children, that the beauties of poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that ariſes a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the ſentence of 'unclean and abominable. It is ſtrange that perſons that have had the Bible in their hands, ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs prejudices to ſo wild and raſh an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this ſour, this cenſorious humour too far, leſt the ſacred writers fall under the laſh of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the ſtyle and way of writing that is uſed by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Teſtament are Hebrew verſe; and the figures are ſtronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more ſurpriſing and ſtrange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah ſings her praiſes to the God of Iſrael, while he marched from the field of Edom, ſhe ſets the 'earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains diſſolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera: When the river of Kiſhon ſwept them away, that ancient river, the river Kiſhon. O my ſoul, thou haſt trodden down ſtrength.' Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, ſpeaks his ſenſe of the holineſs of God, he introduces a machine in a viſion: 'Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up; a ſpirit paſſed by and ſtood ſtill, but its form was undiſcernible; an image before mine eyes; and ſilence; Then I heard a voice, ſaying, Shall mortal man be more juſt than God?' &c. Job, iv. When he deſcribes the ſafety of the

righteous, he 'hides him from the ſcourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at deſtruction and famine, he brings the ſtones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace.' Job, v. 21. When Job ſpeaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he ſpreads over it! 'It is a region to which I muſt ſhortly go, and whence I ſhall not return; it is a land of darkneſs, it is darkneſs itſelf, the land of the ſhadow of death; all confuſion and diſorder, and where the light is as darkneſs. This is my houſe, there have I made my bed: I have ſaid to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter: As for my hope, who ſhall ſee it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit.' Job, x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himſelf in complainings before the almightineſs of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he uſe! 'Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou purſue the dry ſtubble? I conſume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth.' Job, xiii. 25, &c. 'Thou liftſt me up to the wind, thou cauſeſt me to ride upon it, and diſſolveſt my ſubſtance.' Job, xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more deſpicable ideas, to repreſent the ſcoundrel herd and refuſe of mankind, than thoſe which Job uſes? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own ſorrows and reproaches, to amazement: 'They that are younger than I have me in derſion, whoſe fathers I would have diſdained to have ſet with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were ſolitary; fleeing into the wilderneſs, deſolate and waſte: They cut up mallows by the buſhes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the buſhes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of baſe men; they were viler than the earth: And now I am their ſong, yea, I am their by-word,' &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own ſorrows! 'Terrors are turned upon him, they purſue his ſoul as the wind, and his welfare paſſes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his ſoul is poured out: he goes mourning without the ſun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.' I muſt tranſcribe one half of this holy book, if I would ſhew the grandeur, the variety, and the juſtneſs of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expreſſion; I muſt copy out a good part of

the writings of David and Iſaiah, if I would repreſent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and ſtyle: nor is the language of the leſſer prophets, eſpecially in ſome paragraphs, much inferior to theſe.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumſtances, if their deſigning be ſo juſt and noble, their diſpoſition ſo artful, and their colouring ſo bright, beyond the moſt famed human writers, how much more muſt their deſcriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is poſſible to be ſaid by a meaner tongue! When they ſpeak of the dwelling-place of God, 'He inhabits eternity, and ſits upon the throne of his holineſs, in the midſt of light inacceſſible.' When his holineſs is mentioned, 'The heavens are not clean in his ſight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it ſhineth not, and the ſtars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a conſuming fire.' If we ſpeak of ſtrength, 'Behold he is ſtrong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He ſhakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble. He makes a path through the mighty waters, he diſcovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are aſtoniſhed at his reproof.' And, after all, 'Theſe are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can underſtand?' His ſovereignty, his knowledge, and his wiſdom, are revealed to us in language vaſtly ſuperior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. 'Let the potſherds ſtrive with the potſherds of the earth; but ſhall the clay ſay to him that faſhioneth it, What makeſt thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the ſkies pour down righteouſneſs. He commands the ſun, and it riſeth not, and he ſealeth up the ſtars. It is he that ſaith to the deep, Be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that ſeek deep to hide their council from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he underſtands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and deſtruction hath no covering. He calls out all the ſtars by their names, he fruſtrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad. He turns wiſe men backward, and their knowledge becomes fooliſh.' His tranſcendant eminence above all things is moſt nobly repreſented, when he 'ſits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as graſshoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the ſmall duſt of the balance: He takes up the iſles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beaſts, is not ſufficient for a ſacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees ſufficient

for the burning. This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, leſs than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods then will ye compare me, ſaith the Lord, and what ſhall I be likened to?' And to which of all the heathen poets ſhall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the ſacred deſcriber of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptineſs. Let us turn our eyes now to ſome of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the beſt of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this ſubject, when brought into compariſon with Moſes, whom Longinus himſelf, a Gentile critic, cites as a maſter of the ſublime ſtyle, when he choſe to uſe it; 'And the Lord ſaid, Let there be light, and there was light; Let there be clouds and ſeas, ſun and ſtars, plants and animals, and behold they are:' He commanded, and they appear and obey: 'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the hoſt of them, by the breath of his mouth:' This is working like a God, with infinite eaſe and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adverſaries, and for the ſuccour of his ſaints, is ſet before our eyes in the ſcripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When 'he ariſes out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are ſhaken becauſe he is wroth: There goes a ſmoke up out of his noſtrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkneſs is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his preſence.' If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a deſcending God, they might uſe thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horſes for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs inſtead of horſes, or ſeats him in 'chariots of ſalvation.' David beholds him riding 'upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted upon a cherub and did fly; he flew on the wings of the wind;' and Habakkuk ſends 'the peſtilence before him.' Homer keeps a mighty ſtir with his Νεφεληγερέτα Ζεὺς and Heſiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης Jupiter that raiſes up the clouds, and that makes a noiſe, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the 'clouds but the duſt of his feet;' and when the Higheſt gives his voice in the heavens, 'hailſtones and coals of fire follow.' A divine poet diſcovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; 'at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blaſt of the breath of thy noſtrils.'

When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, 'his glory covered the heavens: He ſtood and meaſured the earth: He beheld, and drove aſunder the nations, and the everlaſting mountains were ſcattered: The perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlaſting.' Then the prophet 'ſaw the tents of Cuſhan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.' Hab. iii. Nor did the bleſſed Spirit which animated theſe writers forbid them the uſe of viſions, dreams, the opening of ſcenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occaſions: the divine licence in this reſpect is admirable and ſurpriſing, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninſpired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble eſſay to diſcover how much ſuperior is inſpired poeſy to the brighteſt and beſt deſcriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his propoſal of criticiſm had been encouraged and purſued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been ſecured from the danger of Deiſm; while they muſt have been forced to confeſs at leaſt the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they ſee a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to aſſert that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dreſs? Shall the French poet* affright us, by ſaying,

> De la foy d'un Chrêtien les myſtères terribles,
> D'ornemens égayez ne ſont point ſuſceptibles?

But the French critic† in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, 'That the majeſty of our religion, the holineſs of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its myſteries, and the importance of every ſubject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleneſs, a majeſty, and elevation of ſtyle, ſuited to the theme: ſparkling images and magnificent expreſſions muſt be uſed, and are beſt borrowed from Scripture: let the preacher that aims at eloquence, read the prophets inceſſantly, for their writings are an abundant ſource of all the riches and ornaments of ſpeech.' And, in my opinion, this is far better counſel than Horace gives us, when he ſays,

> . . . . . Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ.

* Boileau. † Rapin.

As in the conduct of my ſtudies with regard to divinity, I have reaſon to repent of nothing more than that I have not peruſed the Bible with more frequency; ſo if I were to ſet up for a poet, with a deſign to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am ſure, the compoſures of the following book would have been filled with much greater ſenſe, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Beſides, we may fetch a further anſwer to Monſieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble uſe have Racine and Corneille made of Chriſtian ſubjects, in ſome of their beſt tragedies! What a variety of divine ſcenes are diſplayed, and pious paſſions awakened in thoſe poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the ſame time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand* that directed me to ſuch entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wiſhed for, and ſought in vain, in our own. Yet I muſt confeſs, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have ſo far anſwered Boileau's objections, in Engliſh, as that the obſtacles of attempting Chriſtian poeſy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted†.

It is true, indeed, the Chriſtian myſteries have not ſuch need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather compoſed, the heathen ſuperſtition. But this ſtill makes for the greater eaſe and ſurer ſucceſs of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a ſimple dreſs, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly diſdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Reve'ations ſeems to be a prophecy, in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illuſtrates the ſubject with many charming glories; but ſtill it muſt be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Chriſtianity have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurpriſing and celeſtial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of

* Philomela.

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his laſt poem, entitled Alfred, has more copiouſly refuted all Boileau's arguments on this ſubject, and that with great juſtice and elegance. I am perſuaded that many perſons who deſpiſe the poem would acknowledge the juſt ſentiments of that preface.

falſe luſtre that form and garniſh a heathen ſong: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the muſe, and the heavenly theme would ſo relieve a dull hour, and a languiſhing genius, that when the muſe nods, the ſenſe would burn and ſparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much leſs toil and expence might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furniſh out a Chriſtian poem, than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two ſuch extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days: the poſſeſſor of the palace of Heaven laid to ſleep in a manger; the holy Jeſus, who knew no ſin, bearing the ſins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of ſorrow loading the ſoul of him who was God over all, bleſſed for ever; and the ſovereign of life ſtretching his arms on a croſs, bleeding and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childiſh figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with ſnaky hairs, or all the flowery ſtories of Elyſium. And if we ſurvey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe: the advantage for touching the ſprings of paſſion will fall infinitely on the ſide of the Chriſtian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and ſorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, muſt needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whoſe every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his ſoul.

If the trifling incredible tales that furniſh out a tragedy, are ſo armed by wit and fancy, as to become ſovereign of rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our ſmiles and our tears at pleaſure; how wondrous a conqueſt might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at leaſt, to ſobriety, if the ſame happy talent were employed in dreſſing the ſcenes of religion in their proper figures of majeſty, ſweetneſs, and terror. The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiouſly neglected by thoſe whom heaven has endued with a gift ſo proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whoſe ſweet inſinuations might almoſt convey piety in reſiſting nature, and melt the hardeſt ſouls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would ſhine bright in a dramatic deſcription; nor is there any need of any reaſon why we

ſhould always borrow the plan or hiſtory from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though ſeveral of theſe would furniſh out noble materials for this ſort of poeſy: but modern ſcenes would be better underſtood by moſt readers, and the application would be much more eaſy. The anguiſh of inward guilt, the ſecret ſtings, and racks and ſcourges of conſcience; the ſweet retiring hours, and ſeraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a reſolved ſoul over a thouſand temptations; the inimitable love and paſſion of a dying God; the awful glories of the laſt tribunal; the grand deciſive ſentence, from which there is no appeal; and the conſequent tranſports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; theſe things may be variouſly diſpoſed, and form many poems. How might ſuch performances, under a divine bleſſing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty! This would make religion appear like itſelf, and confound the blaſphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleaſures.

But we have reaſon to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raiſed their ambition to ſo divine a pitch; I ſhould rejoice to ſee more of this celeſtial fire kindling within them; for the flaſhes that break but in ſome preſent and paſt writings betray an infernal ſource. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have ſo pathetically deſcribed and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. Theſe gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poeſy, have given the world happy examples of what they wiſh and encourage in proſe; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the ſhining colours of profuſe and florid diction.

If ſhorter ſonnets were compoſed on ſublime ſubjects, ſuch as the Pſalms of David, and the holy tranſports interſperſed in the other ſacred writings, or ſuch as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyricks; I perſuade myſelf that the Chriſtian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his deſign to diffuſe virtue and allure ſouls to God. If the heart were firſt inflamed from Heaven, and the muſe were not left alone to form the devotion, and purſue a cold ſcent, but only called in as an aſſiſtant to the worſhip, then the ſong would end where the inſpiration ceaſes; the whole compoſure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the ſame pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart

of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev Mr. Norris's Eſſays in verſe, are convincing inſtances of the ſucceſs of this propoſal.

It is my opinion alſo, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble meaſures of Milton without rhyme, would beſt maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a looſe to the devout ſoul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Pſalm tranſlators: I have contracted and cramped the ſenſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the too ſpeedy and regular returns of ryhme.

If my friends expect any reaſon of the following compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title aſſures them that poeſy is not the buſineſs of my life; and if I ſeized thoſe hours of leiſure, wherein my ſoul was in a more ſprightly frame, to entertain them or myſelf with a divine or moral ſong, I hope I ſhall find an eaſy pardon.

In the Firſt Book are many odes which were written to aſſiſt the meditations and worſhip of vulgar Chriſtians, and with a deſign to be publiſhed in the volume of hymns, which have now paſſed a ſecond impreſſion: but upon the review, I found ſome expreſſions that were not ſuited to the plaineſt capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to pleaſe the weaker Chriſtian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the ſongs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to aſſert, that I never compoſed one line of them with any other deſign than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to ſecure them all from being perverted and debaſed to wanton paſſions, by ſeveral lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the nobleſt inſtances of the grace of Chriſt repreſented under the figure of a conjugal ſtate, and deſcribed in one of the ſweeteſt odes, and the ſofteſt paſtoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon*, in his ſong, and his father David, in Pſalm xlv. if David was the author: and I am well aſſured that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the ſacred writers too nearly, in ſo nice an affair.

* Solomon's Song was much more in uſe among preachers and writers of divinity when theſe Poems were written than it is now.

'The 'Poems ſacred to Virtue,' &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my ſoul were juſt ſuited to the ſubject of my verſe: the image of my heart is painted in them: and if they meet with a reader whoſe ſoul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulneſs of the fancy, and coarſeneſs of expreſſion, will diſappear; the ſameneſs of the humour will create a pleaſure, and inſenſibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muſe. Young gentlemen and ladies, whoſe genius and education have given them a reliſh for oratory and verſe, may be tempted to ſeek ſatisfaction among the dangerous diverſions of the ſtage, and impure ſonnets, if there be no proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this reſpect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raiſe it to a diſdain of brutal pleaſures. The frequent interpoſition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a ſerious ſenſe of God, religion, and eternity. The ſame duty that might be deſpiſed in a ſermon, when propoſed to their reaſon, may here, perhaps, ſeize the lower faculties with ſurpriſe, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the ſuperior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward ſhape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of religion in a grave diſcourſe and ſedate reaſoning. Some are beſt frighted from ſin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the propereſt paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their ingenuity, and poliſhed imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the ſoul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleaſures; and if I could but make up a compoſition of virtue and delight, ſuited to the taſte of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had ſome hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and cuſtom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight inclination to ſatire or burleſque, I thought proper to ſuppreſs it. The grinning and the growling muſes are not hard to be obtained; but I would diſdain their aſſiſtance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly ſmile, may be ſucceſsfully employed. Could I perſuade any man by a kinder method, I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are ſome moroſe readers, that ſtand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that ſort of ſocial life repreſented to us in the ſacred writings? Some expreſſions are there uſed with a deſign to give a mortifying influence to our ſorteſt affections; others again brighten the character of that ſtate, and allure virtuous ſouls to purſue the divine advantage of it, the mutual aſſiſtance in the way to ſalvation.

Are not the cxxviith and the cxxviiith Pſalms indited on this very ſubject? Shall it be lawful for the preſs and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming ſolemnity in proſe, and muſt the mention of the ſame thing in poeſy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a ſerious character to write on this argument, becauſe it has been unhappily polluted by ſome ſcurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing miſchief, while a thouſand vile poems of the amorous kind ſwarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not ſuch ſtrangers as they are repreſented. The bliſsful intimacy of ſouls in that ſtate will afford ſufficient furniture for the graveſt entertainment in verſe; ſo that it need not be everlaſtingly dreſſed-up in ridicule, nor aſſumed only to furniſh out the lewd ſonnets of the times. May ſome happier genius promote the ſame ſervice that I propoſed, and by ſuperior ſenſe, and ſweeter ſound, render what I have written contemptible and uſeleſs!

The imitations of that nobleſt Latin poet of modern ages, Caſimire Sarbiewſki, of Poland, would need no excuſe, did they but riſe to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might ſuit my ſong more to my own deſign, or becauſe I ſaw it impoſſible to preſent the force, the fineneſs, and the fire of his expreſſion in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed ſome hints from the ſame author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow ſo ſuperior a genius now and then to be laviſh in his imagination, and to indulge ſome excurſions beyond the limits of ſedate judgment: the riches and glories of his verſe make atonement in abundance. I wiſh ſome Engliſh pen would import more of his treaſures, and bleſs our nation.

The inſcriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almoſt all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the ſofter method of applauſe. Suſtained by their example, a man will not eaſily be overwhelmed by the heavieſt cenſures of the unthinking and unknowing; eſpecially when there is a ſhadow of this practice in the divine Pſalmiſt, while he aſcribes to Aſaph or Jeduthun his ſongs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addreſſed to God himſelf.

In the 'Poems of Heroic Meaſure,' I have attempted in rhyme the ſame variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verſe glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the beſt verſification, when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, juſt in the ſame pace, and with the ſame pauſes. It ſpoils the nobleſt pleaſure of the ſound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to ſleep with the unmanly ſoftneſs of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the 'Eſſays without Rhyme,' I have not ſet up Milton for a perfect pattern: though he ſhall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled inſtances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majeſty and ſerenity of thought. There are ſeveral epiſodes in his longer works, that ſtand in ſupreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vaſt reverence with which I read his Pararadiſe Loſt, cannot perſuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and ſometimes of his parentheſes, runs me out of breath: Some of his numbers ſeem too harſh and uneaſy. I could never believe that roughneſs and obſcurity added any thing to the grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaiſms, exoticiſms, and a quaint uncouthneſs of ſpeech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verſe may be written with all due elevation of thought, in a modern ſtyle, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back ſo far as to the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Faery Queen. The oddneſs of an antique ſound gives but a falſe pleaſure to the ear, and abuſes the true reliſh, even when it works delight. There were ſome ſuch judges of poeſy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniouſly laughs at one of them, that was pleaſed, even to aſtoniſhment, with obſelete words and figures;

Attonituſque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill-drawn poſtures and diſtortions of ſhape that we meet with in Chineſe pictures charm a ſickly fancy by their very aukwardneſs: ſo a diſtempered appetite will chew coals and ſand and pronounce it guſtful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the ſhorter ſize of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the exceſſive length to which ſome modern writers have ſtretched their ſentences, eſpecially the concluding verſe. In theſe the ear is the trueſt judge; nor was it made to be enſlaved to any preciſe model of elder or later times.

After all, I muſt petition my reader to lay aſide the ſour and ſullen air of criticiſm, and to aſſume the friend. Let him chooſe ſuch topics to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is ſuited to the ſong. Let him come with a deſire to be entertained and pleaſed, rather than to ſeek his own diſguſt and averſion, which will not be hard to find. I am not ſo vain as to think there are no faults, nor ſo blind as to eſpy none: though I hope the multitude of alterations in this ſecond edition are not without amendment. There is ſo large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and and whole poems, as in the various tranſpoſitions, that it would be uſeleſs, and endleſs, and all confuſion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions alſo make up half the book, and ſome of theſe have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to poliſh the roughneſs of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it ſhine. Wide defects and equal ſuperfluities may be found, eſpecially in the larger pieces; but I have at preſent neither inclination nor leiſure to correct, and I hope I never ſhall. It is one of the greateſt ſatisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again*. So that my friends may be perfectly ſecure againſt this impreſſion growing waſte upon their hands, and uſeleſs, as the former has done. Let minds that are better furniſhed for ſuch performances purſue theſe ſtudies, if they are convinced that poeſy can be made ſerviceable to religion and virtue. As for myſelf, I almoſt bluſh to think that I have read ſo little, and written ſo much. The following years of my life ſhall be more entirely devoted to the im-

* *Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret.* Hor. Will this ſhort note of Horace, excuſe a man who has reſiſted nature many years, but has been ſometimes overcome?

mediate and direct labours of my ſtation, excepting thoſe hours that may be employed in finiſhing the Pſalms of David, in Chriſtian language, which I have now promiſed the world*.

I cannot court the world to purchaſe this book for their pleaſure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy pleaſes me. The beſt of them ſinks below the idea which I form of a divine or a moral ode. He that deals in the myſteries of heaven, or of the muſes, ſhould be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name Vates belong to both; ſo the furniture of both is compriſed in that line of Horace,

. . . . . Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum . . . . . .

But what Juvenal ſpake in his age, abides true in our's: A complete poet or prophet is ſuch a one:

. . . Qualem nequo monſtrare, & ſentio tantum.

Perhaps neither of theſe characters in perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on earth, till the ſeventh angel has ſounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beaſt and his image, when the natives of heaven ſhall join in concert with prophets and ſaints, and ſing to their golden harps 'Salvation, honour, and glory, to Him that ſits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever.'

May 14, 1709.

* In the year 1719 theſe were finiſhed and printed.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt th'eternal name,
With notes of mortal ſound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And ſpread deſpair around.

Deſtruction waits t'obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his ſmile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it ſtill.

Celeſtial King! our ſpirits lie,
Trembling, beneath thy feet,
And wiſh, and caſt a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty ſeat.

When ſhall we ſee thee, great Unknown,
And in thy preſence ſtand?
Reveal the ſplendors of thy throne,
But ſhield us with thy hand.

In thee what endleſs wonders meet!
What various glory ſhines!
The croſſing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are loſt in ſweet ſurpriſe
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the ſkies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majeſty,
To ſpread their beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt minds on high
Are ſhadows of a God.

Thy works the ſtrongeſt ſeraph ſings
In a too feeble ſtrain,
And labours hard on all his ſtrings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How ſhort our praiſes fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th'eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
While the young notes and venturous ſong
To worlds of glory ſoar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muſe folds up her wings;
Or at thy word her ſlender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her ſlender reed, inſpir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And ſpreads a heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath:

And calls th'angelic hoſts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when ſhe taſtes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture ſtrong,
Scarce the divineſt harp above
Aims at a ſweeter ſong.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

NOT from the duſt my ſorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower ſkies!
Let all the baneful planets ſhed
Their mingl'd curſes on my head,
How vain their curſes, if th'eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bleſs me with his eyes!
Creatures, with all their boaſted ſway,
Are but his ſlaves and muſt obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand,
The gentler gales are bound to ſleep:
The north wind bluſters and aſſumes command
Over the deſert and the deep;
Old Boreas, with his freezing powers,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glaſs,
Arreſts the dancing riv'lets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their ſhores;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid ſkies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid lakes, ſnuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my ſong,
And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd, and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of ſtatues on the Ruſſian plains,
And life ſtands frozen in the purple veins.

Atheiſt, forbear! no more blaſpheme:
God has a thouſand terrors in his name,
A thouſand armies at command,
Waiting the ſignal of his hand,
And magazines of froſt, and magazines of flame.
Dreſs thee in ſteel to meet his wrath;
His ſharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the ſoul, and ſhake thy mortal frame.
Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the ſky,
And ſcatters fate on ſwains and kings;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his fatal cold,
Give their own blaſphemies the lie.

The miſchiefs that infeſt the earth,
When the hot dog-ſtar fires the realms on high,
Drought, and diſeaſe, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flaſhes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirſt,
For vital food we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to duſt,
The ſun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye ſcourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy ſtandards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty ſweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight ſleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves;

While you diſpenſe your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that ſounds your loud alarms,
When guilt, with louder cries, provokes a God to arms.

O for a meſſage from above
To bear my ſpirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and ſupport my hope!
Let waves and thunder mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sovereign, I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wiſh, heaven, earth, and hell, are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not ſeen, impatient boy?
Haſt thou not read the ſolemn truth,
That grey experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with pain:
And yet, with heedleſs haſte,
The thirſty boy repeats the taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleaſure never run ſincere:
(Earth has no unpolluted ſpring)
From the curs'd ſoil ſome dangerous taint they bear;
So roſes grow on thorns, and honey wears a ſting.

In vain we ſeek a heaven below the ſky;
The world has falſe, but flattering, charms:
Its diſtant joys ſhew large in our eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the viſions die.
And when we graſp the airy forms,
We loſe the pleaſing dream.

Earth with her ſcenes of gay delight,
Is but a landſcape, rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and falſe light:
Diſtance commends it to the ſight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauſeous dawbing nigh,
Coarſe and confus'd, the hideous figures lie,
Diſſolve the pleaſure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my ſoul, pant tow'rd th'eternal hills;
Thoſe heavens are fairer than they ſeem;
There pleaſures all ſincere glide on in cryſtal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief diſturbs the ſtream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curſed ſoil, no tainted ſpring,
Nor roſes grow on thorns, nor honey wears a ſting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

NO, 'tis in vain to ſeek for bliſs;
For bliſs can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jeſus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

There's nothing round theſe painted ſkies,
Or round this duſky clod;
Nothing, my ſoul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis heaven on earth to taſte his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to ſee his face.

Why move my years in ſlow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let all the ſpheres cleave, and mark my way
To the ſuperior ſky.

Dear Sovereign, break theſe vital ſtrings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP ſilence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He ſits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th'almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endleſs realms reſign,
And lo, ten thouſand globes of light
In fields of azure ſhine.

Now wiſdom, with ſuperior ſway,
Guides the vaſt moving frame,
While all the ranks of being pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He ſpake; the ſun obedient ſtood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And diſappoints the ſea.

Lord of the armies of the ſky,
He marſhals all the ſtars:
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,

With ev'ry angel's form and ſize,
Drawn by th'eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counſels ſhine:
Each opening leaf, and every ſtroke,
Fulfils ſome deep deſign.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To ſceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel aſks the reaſon why,
Nor God the reaſon gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to ſee
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright ſcenes ſhall riſe.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in ſome humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

SELF CONSECRATION.

IT grieves me, Lord, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my days;
My inward powers ſhall burn and flame,
With zeal and paſſion for thy name,
I would not ſpeak, but for my God, nor move, but to his praiſe.

What are my eyes but aids to ſee
The glories of the Deity,

Inſcrib'd with beams of light
On flowers and ſtars? Lord, I behold
The ſhining azure, green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimneſs veils my ſight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil ſings
Sicilian ſwains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the muſic in:
Why ſhould the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys,
And yet my heart ſo ſtupid lie, when ſacred hymns begin?

Change me, O God; my fleſh ſhall be
An inſtrument of ſong to thee,
And thou the notes inſpire
My tongue ſhall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulſe ſhall beat the time,
And ſweet variety of ſound ſhall in thy praiſe conſpire.

The deareſt nerve about my heart,
Should it refuſe to bear a part,
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious ſtring, or ſhow my zeal in death.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

GOD is a name my ſoul adores,
Th'Almighty Three, th'Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confeſs the Infinite Unknown.

From thy Great Self thy being ſprings;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And Self-ſufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produc'd the ſeas and ſpheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets ſhine;
But nothing like thy Self appears,
Through all theſe ſpacious works of thine.

Still reſtleſs nature dies and grows:
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no ſucceſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt deſigns are one:

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad ſheets of light compoſe thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive forms;
Thy preſence ſhakes this lower ball,
This little dwellingplace of worms.

How ſhall affrighted mortals dare
To ſing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but ſhadows of thy face.

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach conſuming flame?
None but thy wiſdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can ſpeak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

"SHEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
" And ſend your fears away;
" News from the region of the ſkies,
" Salvation's born to-day!

" Jeſus, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;

" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

" No gold, nor purple ſwaddling-bands,
" Nor royal ſhining things;
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the King of kings.

" Go, ſhepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes.
" Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the Son."

Thus Gabriel ſang, and ſtraight around,
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong:

" Glory to God, that reigns above
" Let peace ſurround the earth;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and ſhall angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When they forget to praiſe!

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies.

Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions ſpeak thy ſkill;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

Part of thy name divinely ſtands
On all thy creatures writ,
They ſhew the labour of thine hands,
Or impreſs of thy feet.

But when we view thy ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join
In their divineſt forms;

Our thoughts are loſt in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

When ſinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh, the dear myſteries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED.

"Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens," &c.

GRACE rules below, and ſits enthron'd above,
How few the ſparks of wrath! how ſlow they move,
And drop and die in boundleſs ſeas of love!

But me, vile wretch! ſhould pitying love embrace,
Deep in its ocean, hell itſelf would blaze,
And flaſh, and burn me through the boundleſs ſeas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to ſuch a vaſtneſs grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, "avenge thine injur'd name,"
Thy ſlighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moiſt tears might but incenſe thy flame.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy juſtice, dying, and adore.

Yet can thoſe bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this ſacred ſhroud,
Ting'd in the vital ſtream of my Redeemer's blood?

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my ſoul, my ſins, depart,
Your fatal friendſhip now I ſee:
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal diſtance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I careſs'd your viperous brood,

And in my heart-ſtrings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breaſt, with boding fears.
And, cruſhing hard my tortur'd ſoul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treaſons, Prince of grace!
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

Great Advocate, look down and ſee
A wretch, whoſe ſmarting ſorrows bleed;
O plead the ſame excuſe for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be ſtill, and ſilence wait his love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his throne,
And through his inmoſt bowels move.

Lo, from the everlaſting ſkies,
Gently, as morning-dews diſtil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How ſweet the voice of pardon ſounds:
Sweet the relief to deep diſtreſs!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS.

viz.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gunpowder Plot, Nov. 5, 1605.
3. From Popery and Slavery, by King William, of glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
"Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore.
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell:
And down they digg'd through earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires, of dreadful name.

Beneath the ſenate and the throne,
Engines of helliſh thunder lay:
There the dark ſeeds of fire were ſown,
To ſpring a bright, but diſmal day.

Thy love beheld the black deſign,
Thy love that guards our iſland round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And cruſh'd the tempeſt under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler ſtrain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his ſword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny poſſeſs'd the throne,
And murderers of an Iriſh ſoul
Ran, threatening death, through every town.

The Romiſh prieſt, and Britiſh prince,
Join'd their beſt force, and blackeſt charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the ſervice of their arms.

"'Tis done," they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkneſs rang with joy.
Th'old Serpent hiſs'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But lo, the great deliverer ſails,
Commiſſion'd from Jehovah's hand,
And ſmiling ſeas, and wiſhing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day*, and happy year,
Both in our new ſalvation meet:

* Nov. 5, 1688.

The day * that quench'd the burning ſnare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hoſts,
Now did thine arm ſhine dazzling bright,
The ſons of might their hands had loſt,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celeſtial warriors, ſtay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the earth ſhall know
And learn the worſhip of the ſky;
Angels and Britons join below,
To raiſe their hallelujahs high.

All hallelujah, heavenly king;
While diſtant lands thy victory ſing,
And tongues their utmoſt powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my deſires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he deſcends within my view,
He charms my reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in the unequal chaſe.

Or if I reach unuſual height
Till near his preſence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;

* Nov. 5, 1588.

Plung'd in a ſea of light I roll,
Where wiſdom, juſtice, mercy, ſhines;
Infinite rays in croſſing lines
Beat thick confuſion on my ſight, and overwhelm my ſoul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me to reach the throne;
(What ſingle ſtrength, in vain deſigns,
United force hath done;
Thus worms may join, and graſp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the ſea)
But the whole race of creature-ſouls
Stretch'd to their laſt extent of thought, plunge and are loſt in thee.

Great God! behold my reaſon lies
Adoring; yet my love would riſe
On pinions not her own:
Faith ſhall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackleſs ſeas of light,
To thee, th'eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the ſkies,
Go, ſearch the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her ſovereign, death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies ſpread around!
And heaps of duſt and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

Theſe ſkulls, what ghaſtly figures now!
How loathſome to the eyes!
Theſe are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

But where the ſouls, thoſe deathleſs things,
That left his dying clay?
My thoughts, now ſtretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable ſea!
Thoſe deeps without a ſhore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus muſt we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful ſea;
Vain are our groans, and dying ſtrife,
To gain a moment's ſtay.

There we ſhall ſwim in heavenly bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcaſe thoughtleſs lies,
Among the ſilent graves.

Some hearty friend ſhall drop his tear,
On our dry bones, and ſay,
"These once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

Thus ſhall our mouldering members teach
What now our ſenſes learn:
For duſt and aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

OFT have I ſat in ſecret ſighs,
To feel my fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my ſorrows now,
Nor dares the fleſh complain;

Diſeaſes bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful ſoul now all the day
Sits waiting here and ſings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practiſes her wings.

Faith almoſt changes into ſight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies,
Her fair inheritance, in light,
Above created ſkies.

Had but the priſon walls been ſtrong,
And firm, without a flaw,
In darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of glory ſaw.

But now the everlaſting hills
Through every chink appear,
And ſomething of the joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a priſoner here.

The ſhines of heaven ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping flaws:
Viſions of endleſs bliſs are ſeen,
And native air ſhe draws.

O may theſe walls ſtand tottering ſtill,
The breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in darkneſs dwell,
And all this glory loſe!

Or rather let this fleſh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to ſee th'enlarged way,
I ſtretch my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRASED.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th'immortal choir
That fill the realms above;
Sing: for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall hear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe.
And ſhore reply to ſhore:

While monſters ſporting on the flood,
In ſcaly ſilver ſhine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And laſh the foaming brine.

But gentler things ſhall tune his name
To ſofter notes than theſe,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the ſtream,
Or whiſpering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow;
Sweet cluſters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the ſhrill birds his honour raiſe,
And climb the morning ſky;
While groveling beaſts attempt his praiſe,
In hoarſer harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, take the ſound,
Echo the glories of your king,
Through all the nations round.

Th'eternal name muſt fly abroad,
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race ſhall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye profane, and ſwell and burſt
With bold impiety;
Yet ſhall ye live for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

The gaſp of your expiring breath
Conſigns your ſoul to chains,
By the laſt agonies of death,
Sent down to fiercer pains.

Ye ſtand upon a dreadful ſteep,
And all beneath is hell;
Your weighty guilt will ſink you deep,
Where the old ſerpent fell.

When iron ſlumbers bind your fleſh,
With ſtrange ſurprize, you'll find
Immortal vigour ſpring afreſh,
And tortures wake the mind!

Then you'll confeſs the frightful names
Of plagues you ſcorn'd before,
No more ſhall look like idle dreams,
Like fooliſh tears no more.

Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your ſouls away
For vanity and ſongs.

Behold the ſaints rejoice to die,
For heav'n ſhines round their heads;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing ſpirits part, and riſe
To their celeſtial ſeat;

Above theſe ruinable ſkies
They make their laſt retreat.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious ſouls;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And diſtant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly Muſe,
And keep th'expecting world in awe;
Oft haſt thou ſung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fierceſt fires a looſe,
And ſound his dreadful law;
To Iſrael firſt the words were ſpoke,
To Iſrael freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! The hard galling load,
Overpreſs'd their feeble ſouls,
Bent their knees to ſenſeleſs bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they paſs'd th'Arabian Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving ſea;
The riſing waves ſtood guardians of their wond'rous way,
But fell with moſt impetuous force
On the purſuing ſwarms,
And bury'd Egypt, all in arms,
Blending, in watry death, the rider and the horſe:
O'er ſtruggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And ſav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore! in vain he cries,
And all his other gods beſide—
He ſwallows fate with ſwimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he died.

Ah! fooliſh Iſrael, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!

And bow to brutes (a ſtupid ſlave),
To idols impotent to ſave!
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the ſky,
Has wrought ſalvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron ſleep,
And rais'd thine honours high;
His grace forgives thy follies paſt;
Behold he comes in majeſty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haſte;
But keep an awful diſtance ſtill,
Let Moſes round the ſacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! the ſhrill echos of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near:
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the ſame herald, and the trump the ſame,
Which ſhall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature ſtand,
And Heav'n's eternal will proclaim,
That time ſhall be no more.

Thus, while the lab'ring angel ſwells the ſound,
And rent the ſkies, and ſhook the ground,
Up roſe th'Almighty: round his ſapphire ſeat,
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The leſſer pow'rs at diſtance dwell,
And caſt their glories down ſucceſſive at his feet:
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors," he cries;
Th'eternal doors his word obey,
Open, and ſhoot celeſtial day
Upon the lower ſkies.
Heav'n's mighty pillars bow'd their heads,
As their Creator bid.
And down Jehovah rode from the ſuperior ſphere,
A thouſand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud;
The wheels beſet with burning gems;
The winds in harneſs with the flames,
Flew o'er th' ethereal road:
Down thro' his magazines he paſt
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy ſnow,
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as faſt
Did hail, and ice, and melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on ſolid darkneſs trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And ſcatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and ſulphur ran, a fiery ſtream:
He ſpoke, and (tho' with unknown ſpeed he came)
Chid the ſlow tempeſt and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight;
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And riſing ſmoke obſcur'd the burning hill.
Lo! it mounts in curling waves;
Lo! the gloomy pride outbraves
The ſtately pyramids of fire:
The pyramids to heav'n aſpire,
And mix with ſtars, but ſee their gloomy offspring higher.
So have you ſeen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that ſixſcore years has ſtood,
And proudly ſhoot a leaf or two
Above its kind ſupporter's utmoſt bough,
And glory there to ſtand the loftieſt of the wood.

Forbear, young muſe, forbear;
The flowery things that poets ſay,
The little arts of ſimile,
Are vain and uſeleſs here;
Nor ſhall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;

Ætna ſhall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily;
Not half ſo high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half ſo loud her thunders roar
'Croſs the Sicanian ſea, to fright th'Italian ſhore.
Behold the ſacred hill: its trebling ſpire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight:
Preſs'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load.
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd and ſhook beneath the burden of a God.

Freſh horrors ſeize the camp; deſpair,
And dying groans, torment the air.
And ſhrieks, and ſwoons, and deaths were there:
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
Spread thro' the hoſt a wild amaze;
Darkneſs on every ſoul, and pale was every face:
Confus'd and diſmal were the cries,
Let Moſes ſpeak, or Iſrael dies;
Moſes the ſpreading terror feels,
No more the man of God conceals
His ſhivering and ſurpriſe;
Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the ſame,
Majeſtic ſounds break through the ſmoky cloud:
Sent from the All-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

"I am the Lord: 'tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful name,
"Thy God and King: 'twas I that broke

" Thy bondage, and th'Egyptian yoke ;
" Mine is the right to ſpeak my will,
" And thine the duty to fulfil.
" Adore no God beſide me, to provoke mine eyes:
" Nor worſhip me in ſhapes and forms that men
" deviſe :
" With reverence uſe my name, nor turn my words
" to jeſt :
" Obſerve my ſabbath well, nor dare profane my
" reſt :
" Honour and due obedience to thy parents give ;
" Nor ſpill the guiltleſs blood, nor let the guilty
" live :
" Preſerve thy body chaſte, and flee th'unlawful
" bed :
" Nor ſteal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or
" his bread :
" Forbear to blaſt his name with falſehood or deceit,
" Nor let thy wiſhes looſe upon his large eſtate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c.

ECCLES. XII.

CHILDREN, to your Creator God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts aſtray.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your firſt regard ;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wiſe, and make his favour ſure,
Before the mournful day,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and ſtrength decay.

No more the bleſſings of a feaſt
Shall reliſh on the tongue,

The heavy ear forgets the taſte
And pleaſure of a ſong.

Old age, with all her diſmal train,
Invades your golden years,
With ſighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never ſpares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the ſuperior ſkies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or ſtand before his ſeat,
While nature's old ſupporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a ſtrong defence
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the priſoner hence?

The ſilver bands of nature burſt,
And let the building fall;
The fleſh goes down to mix with duſt,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load!)
Uncleans'd, and unforgiv'n,
The ſoul returns t'an angry God,
To be ſhut out from heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou ſun, whoſe beams adorn the ſpheres,
And with unwearied ſwiftneſs move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praiſe the Creator of the Skies,
That dreſs'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the ſun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's praiſe.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of ſilence, ſilver moon,
Whoſe gentle beams, and borrow'd light,
Are ſofter rivals of the noon;

Ariſe, and to that Sovereign Power,
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the duſky hour,
And half ſupply the abſent day.

Ye twinkling ſtars, who gild the ſkies
When darkneſs has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When buſineſs, cares, and day are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Diſpers'd thro' all the heavenly ſtreet,
Whoſe boundleſs treaſures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou heaven of heavens, ſupremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine;

Praiſe thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every ſaint,
Nor veils the luſtre of his face.

O God of glory! God of love!
Thou art the ſun that makes our days;
With all thy ſhining works above,
Let earth and duſt attempt thy praiſe.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we ſee a ſaint of thine
  Lie gaſping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
  Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How could we ev'n contend to lay
  Our limbs upon that bed!
We aſk thine envoy to convey
  Our ſpirits in his ſtead.

Our ſouls are riſing on the wing,
  To venture in his place,
For when grim Death has loſt his ſting,
  He has an angel's face.

Jeſus, then, purge my crimes away,
  'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death his fierce array,
  And all the arms he bears.

Oh! if my threatening ſins were gone,
  And Death had loſt his ſting,
I could invite the angel on,
  And chide his lazy wing.

Away theſe interpoſing days,
  And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace.
  But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet.

I'd leap at once my ſeventy years,
  I'd ruſh into his arms,
And loſe my breath, and all my cares
  Amidſt thoſe heavenly charms.

Joyful, I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeleſs clay,
Without a ſigh, without a groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t'expreſs
Thine undiſſembl'd praiſe.

In native white and red
The roſe and lily ſtand,
And, free from pride, their beauties ſpread,
To ſhew thy ſkilful hand.

The lark mounts up the ſky,
With unambitious ſong,
And bears her Maker's praiſe on high,
Upon her artleſs tongue.

My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worſhip due;

But pride, that buſy ſin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with deſign;

Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very ſongs I frame
Are faithleſs to thy cauſe,
And ſteal the honours of thy name
To build their own applauſe.

Create my ſoul anew,
Elſe all my worſhip's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Deſcend, celeſtial fire,
And ſeize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure deſire,
A ſacrifice to love.

Let joy and worſhip ſpend,
The remnant of my days
And to my God, my ſoul, aſcend,
In ſweet perfumes of praiſe.

TRUE LEARNING.

PARTLY IMITATED FROM A FRENCH SONNET OF M. POIRET.

HAPPY the feet that ſhining truth has led,
With her own hand, to tread the path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native luſtre round her ſpread,
Without a veil, without a ſhade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herſelf ſhe is.

Our ſenſes cheat us with the preſſing crowds
Of painted ſhapes they thruſt upon the mind:
The truth they ſhew lies wrapt in ſev'nfold ſhrouds,
Our ſenſes caſt a thouſand clouds
On unenlighten'd ſouls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the duſt that fierce diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways
To fence and guard by rule and rote!
Our God will never charge us, that we know them not.

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch theſe curious ſouls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the ſchools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

'Twas this almighty Word that all things made,
He graſps whole nature in his ſingle hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things and their head,
The circle where they move, and centre where they ſtand.

Without his aid, I have no ſure defence
From troops of errors that beſiege me round;
But he that reſts his reaſon and his ſenſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells, upon unſhaken ground.

Infinite Truth, the life of my deſires,
Come from the ſky, and join thyſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my ſpirit burns to ſee.

Speak to my ſoul, alone, no other hand
Shall mark my path out with deluſive art:
All nature ſilent in his preſence ſtand;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his ſingle voice to whiſper to my heart.

Retire, my ſoul, within thyſelf retire,
Away from ſenſe and every outward ſhow:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aſpire,
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

The Lord grows laviſh of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on ſuch a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, ſhe gains a piercing ſight,
She dives into the infinite,
And ſees unutterable things in that unknown abyſs.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him bleſt, my muſe, whom wiſdom guides
In her own path to her own heavenly ſeat;
Through all the ſtorms his ſoul ſecurely glides,
Nor can the tempeſts, nor the tides,
That riſe and roar around, ſupplant his ſteady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And ſeek, in vain, a paſſage to his breaſt,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his ſoul aſide from her eternal reſt.

Our headſtrong luſts, like a young fiery horſe,
Start, and flee raging in a violent courſe;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides them,
Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
And bids his reaſon bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himſelf, he rules his wildeſt thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he deſign'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think nor can he find
A plague like reigning paſſions, and a ſubject mind.

But oh! tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight
To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the heart!

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th'enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewel, my friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, that dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my soul shall centre, all my powers conspire.

Thus I with angels live; thus, half-divine,
I ſit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great deſign,
That everlaſting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

ETERNAL Wiſdom, thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the ſun;
With what amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The wonders thou haſt done!

Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

There thou haſt bid the globes of light
Their endleſs circles run,
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the ſun.

PART II.

DOWNWARD I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and ſtorms below,
Thoſe under-regions of the ſkies
Thy numerous glories ſhow.

The noiſy winds ſtand ready there
  Thy orders to obey,
With ſounding wings they ſweep the air,
  To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
  Thy thunder ſhakes our coaſt:
While the red lightnings wave along,
  The banners of thine hoſt.

On the thin air, without a prop,
  Hang fruitful ſhowers around:
At thy command they ſink, and drop
  Their fatneſs on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the earth I bend my ſong,
  And caſt my eyes abroad,
Glancing the Britiſh iſles along;
  Bleſt iſles, confeſs your God.

How did his wondrous ſkill array
  Your fields in charming green;
A thouſand herbs his art diſplay,
  A thouſand flowers between!

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
  Fair Albion's beſt defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
  Thoſe luxuries of ſenſe.

The bleating flocks his paſture feeds:
  And herds, of larger ſize,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
  His bounteous hand ſupplies.

PART IV.

We ſee the Thames careſs the ſhores,
He glides her ſilver flood;
While angry Severn ſwells and roars,
Yet hears a ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Obſerve his ſtrong command;
His breath can raiſe the billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the ſand.

Amidſt thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And ſcaly monſters, at thy word,
Ruſh through the northern ſea.

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

But the ſweet beauties of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſus' face
We ſee, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful ſoul ſurveys
Fire, air, and earth, and ſtars and ſeas,
I call them all thy ſlaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's will,
Poiſons ſhall cure, or balms ſhall kill;
Vernal ſuns, or zephyrs' breath,
May burn or blaſt the plants to death
That ſharp December ſaves!
What can winds or planets boaſt
But a precarious power?
The ſun is all in darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be fire, and fire be froſt,
When he appoints the hour.
Lo! the Norwegians, near the polar ſky,
Chafe their frozen limbs with ſnow,
Their frozen limbs awake and glow;
The vital flame, touch'd with a ſtrange ſupply,
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh:
He bids the vital blood in wonted circles flow.
Cold ſteel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight bear,
And burns th'unwary ſtranger there.
Enquire, my ſoul, of ancient fame,
Look back two thouſand years, and ſee
Th'Aſſyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his court the God of Iſrael came,
A king more abſolute than he...
I ſee the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I ſee, amidſt the flame,
Three Hebrews, of immortal name:
They move, they walk acroſs the burning ſtage,
Unhurt, and fearleſs; while the tyrant ſtood
A ſtatue; fear congeal'd his blood:
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments or their hair:
It knew the Lord of nature there.

Nature, compell'd by a ſuperior cauſe,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her ſovereign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories ſhine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are thine.
Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye ſounding names of vanity:
No more my lips ſhall ſacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a god can yield me no ſupplies...
What is the ſun, or what the ſhade,
Or froſts, or flames, to kill or ſave?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

IN IMITATION OF PSALM CXIV.

WHEN the Eternal bows the ſkies,
To viſit earthly things,
With ſcorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings;

Rides on a cloud, diſdainful, by
A ſultan or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that riſe ſo high,
Or frowns them from afar:

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the ſkies,
To viſit every humble ſoul,
With pleaſure in his eyes.

Why ſhould the Lord, that reigns above,
Diſdain ſo lofty kings?

Say, Lord, and why ſuch looks of love
  Upon ſuch worthleſs things?

Mortals, be dumb: what creature dares
  Diſpute his awful will?
Aſk no account of his affairs,
  But tremble, and be ſtill.

Juſt like his nature is his grace,
  All ſov'reign, and all free;
Great God! how ſearchleſs are thy ways!
  How deep thy judgments be!

THE INFINITE.

SOME ſeraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
  Or harp of golden ſtring,
That I may raiſe a lofty ſong
  To our eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
  Great Everlaſting One!
Boundleſs thy might and majeſty,
  And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories ſhine of wond'rous ſize,
  And wond'rous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
  And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine eſſence is a vaſt abyſs,
  Which angels cannot ſound,
An ocean of infinities,
  Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The myſteries of creation lie
  Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can aſcend above the ſky,
  And fly before the winds;

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy hills,
And ſtretch from pole to pole:
But half thy name our ſpirit fills,
And overloads our ſoul.

In vain our haughty reaſon ſwells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundleſs unconceivables,
And vaſt eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

ALAS, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with ſmart,
And frights my ſlumbering eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conſcience o'er
Fluſh crimſon in my face.

My ſorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of reſtraint,
Into thy boſom, O my God!
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could ruſh with violence on to ſin,
In preſence of thy ſword!

How often have I ſtood
A rebel to the ſkies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudeſt cries?

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me;

Offers! but 'tis to ſenſeleſs braſs,
That cannot feel nor ſee.

Jeſus, the Saviour, ſtands
To court me from above;
And looks and ſpreads his wounded hands,
And ſhews the prints of love.

But I, a ſtupid fool!
How long have I withſtood
The bleſſings purchas'd with his ſoul,
And paid for all in blood!

The heavenly Dove came down,
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm aſham'd to ſay
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And ſent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand.
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis againſt thy face
My ſins like arrows riſe,
And yet, and yet (O matchleſs grace!)
Thy thunder ſilent lies.

O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of ſuch hell-harden'd ſteel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face:

This rebel heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love, I fall,
Here at thy croſs I lie;
And throw my ſoul, my fleſh, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

"Riſe," ſays the Prince of mercy, "riſe!"
With joy and pity in his eyes:
"Riſe, and behold my wounded veins,
"Here flows the blood to waſh thy ſtains.

"See my great Father reconcil'd:"
He ſaid: and lo, the Father ſmil'd:
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And ſounded grace on all their ſtrings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD!

PSAL. CXLVIII. 12.

SONS of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whoſe veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy ſinews ſtrung;
Fall proſtrate at th'eternal throne,
Whence your precarious powers depend;
Nor ſwell as if your lives were all your own,
But chooſe your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your ſupport,
His hand can ſtretch your days, or cut your minutes ſhort.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And ſhoot delicious danger thence;

Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reaſon down to ſenſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering charms
That muſt yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your ſmiling face;
That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming hours:
O make it your perpetual care
To pleaſe that Everlaſting Fair;
His beauties are the ſun, and but the ſhade is your's.

Infants whoſe different deſtinies
Are wove with threads of different ſize;
But from the ſame ſpring-tide of tears,
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:
Break your firſt ſilence in his praiſe
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With ſounds of tendereſt accents raiſe
Your honours to his name;
And conſecrate your early days
To know the Power ſupreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Juſt marching off the mortal ſtage,
Fathers, whoſe vital threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the glaſs of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Through flowery fields, a fair long ſummer's day;
Gaſp out your ſoul in praiſes to the ſovereign power
That ſet your weſt ſo diſtant from your dawning hour.

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSAL. CXLVIII. 10.

SWEET flocks, whoſe ſoft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the ſky;
Whoſe charming notes addreſs the ſpring
With an artleſs harmony.
Lovely minſtrels of the field,
Who in leafy ſhadows ſit,
And your wondrous ſtructures build,
Awake your tuneful voices to the dawning light:
To Nature's God your firſt devotions pay,
Ere you ſalute the riſing day,
'Tis he calls up the ſun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thouſand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmleſs play twiſt and unfold
The volumes of your ſcaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

Inſects and mites, of mean degree,
That ſwarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye;
In your innumerable forms
Praiſe him that wears th'ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counſels down
To deſpicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How ſovereign is thy hand!
All nature roſe t'obey thy word.
And moves at thy command.

With ſteady courſe thy ſhining ſun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my ſpirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My ſoul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire, and ſtormy ſea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beaſt and every tree,
Thy great deſigns fulfil:

While my wild paſſions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And fleſh and ſenſe, enſlav'd to ſin.
Draw my beſt thoughts away:

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all thy dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

Great God, create my ſoul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thine hand;
Here all my powers I bring;

Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every ſpring.

Then ſhall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering ſenſes rove ;
Devotion ſhall be all my heart,
And all my paſſions love.

Then not the ſun ſhall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel ſwifter through the ſky,
Nor with a zeal ſo warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach :
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The ſpacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

He ſpoke the wondrous word, and, lo!
Creation roſe at his command :
Whirlwinds and ſeas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There reſts the earth, there roll the ſpheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her prop :
But his own Self-ſufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Meaſuring their changes by the moon :
No ebb his ſea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal moon.

Then fly, my ſong, an endleſs round,
The lofty tune let Michael raiſe;
All nature dwell upon the ſound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praiſe.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Tranſgreſs'd, and juſtice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law ſpeaks all deſpair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the ſkies;
"Seraphs, the mighty and the wiſe,
"Say, what expedient can you give?
"That ſin be damn'd, and ſinners live?

"Speak, are you ſtrong to bear the load,
"The weighty vengeance of a God?
"Which of you loves our wretched race,
"Or dares to venture in our place?"

In vain we aſk: for all around
Stands ſilence through the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the ſtrength or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th'eternal Son takes Adam's place:
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the God.
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then roſe: The law could aſk no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye ſkies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;

Ye heavenly thrones, ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious love.

See, how they bend! See how they look,
Long they had read th'eternal book,
And ſtudied dark decrees in vain,
The croſs and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are ſtruck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their ſounding plumes, and cry,
"The wiſdom of a Deity!"

Lo! they adore th'Incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd:
And ſay, dear Conqueror, ſay, how long,
Ere we ſhall riſe to join their ſong.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well diſtinguiſh'd ray;
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raiſe me beyond th'ethereal blue,
To ſing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The ſtars ſalute me round;
Father, I bluſh, I mourn to lie
Thus groveling on the ground.

My warmer ſpirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wiſh aloud for wings of love
To raiſe me ſwift and high,

Beyond thoſe cryſtal vaults,
And all their ſparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewel to you;
Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a ſhort adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd
From their old fleſhly clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haſte,
And ſet me near my God,

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

HE dies! the heavenly lover dies!
The tidings ſtrike a doleful ſound
On my poor heart-ſtrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear boſom of your God,
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degrce,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what ſudden joys I ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again.

The riſing God forſakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions, guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, death, in chains.

Say, live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!
Then aſk the monſter, where's his ſting?
And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O THE immenſe, th'amazing height,
The boundleſs grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet.
And ſways the nations with his nod!

He ſpeaks, and lo, all nature ſhakes,
Heaven's everlaſting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheiſts and emperors ſhrink and die,
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud hoſannas through.

Celeſtial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,

We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
Ye glorious ſtorms, prepare his way!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE. ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH SAPPHIC.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a ſtorm of hail, comes
Ruſhing amain down;

How the poor ſailors ſtand amaz'd, and tremble!
While the hoarſe thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onſet to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such ſhall the noiſe be, and the wild diſorder,
(If things eternal may be like theſe earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the ſtrong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repoſe of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones ariſing,
Flames all around them.

Hark the ſhrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguiſh,
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
ſtrings,
And the ſmart tinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him.

Hopeleſs immortals! how they ſcream and ſhiver,
While devils puſh them to the pit, wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come, ariſe to Jeſus,
How he fits Godlike, and the ſaints around him,
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I ſit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then aſcend to glory,
While our hoſannas all along the paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me priſoner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, ſits,
The God, how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
  Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry plains
  With an immortal ſound.

Jeſus, the Lord, their harps employs,
  Jeſus, my love, they ſing;
Jeſus, the name of both our joys,
  Sounds ſweet from every ſtring.

Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds
  Of time and ſpace they run,
And ſpeak, in moſt majeſtic ſounds,
  The godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breaſt he lay,
  The darling of his ſoul,
Infinite years before the day
  Or heavens began to roll.

And now they ſink the lofty tone,
  And gentler notes they play,
And bring th'eternal Godhead down
  To dwell in humble clay.

O ſacred beauties of the Man!
  (The God reſides within)
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain,
  His ſoul without a ſin.

Then, how he looked, and how he ſmil'd,
  What wondrous things he ſaid!
Sweet cherubs, ſtay, dwell here awhile,
  And tell what Jeſus did.

At his command the blind awake.
  And feel the gladſome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to ſpeak,
  They try their tongues in praiſe.

He ſhed a thouſand bleſſings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye?
He ſpoke, and at the ſovereign ſound
The helliſh legions fly.

Thus while, with unambitious ſtrife,
Th'ethereal minſtrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken ſtring
Groans with a ſtrange ſurprize;
The reſt in ſilence mourn their King,
That bleeds and loves, and dies.

Seraph and ſaint, with drooping wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling ſprings,
While Jeſus ſleeps in death.

Then all at once to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord,
Break up the tomb, and burſt his chains,
And ſhow their riſing Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the ſkies,
With loud hoſannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful ſtate the conquering God
Aſcends his ſhining throne,
While tuneful angels ſound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me riſe, and join their ſong,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the muſic here,
  And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:
Oh! for ſome heavenly notes to bear
  My ſpirit to the ſkies!

There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
  There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
  So I might ſee his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
  But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the God that I adore,
  And ſing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

EARTH, thou great footſtool of our God,
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful ſource
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our houſe, our parent, and our nurſe;
  Mighty ſtage of mortal ſcenes,
  Dreſt with ſtrong and gay machines,
  Hung with golden lamps around,
(And flowery carpets ſpread the ground);
  Thou bulky globe, prodigious maſs,
That hang'ſt unpillar'd in an empty ſpace!
While thy unwieldy weight reſts on the feeble air,
Bleſs that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

  Fire, thou ſwift herald of his face,
  Whoſe glorious rage, at his command,
  Levels a palace with the ſand,
Blending the lofty ſpires in ruin with the baſe:
  Ye heavenly flames, that ſinge the air,
  Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his ſounding quivers bear
  To ſcatter deaths abroad;

Lightnings, adore the ſovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whoſe boundleſs magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And ſave the bubble, man, from the cold arms of death.
And ye whoſe vital moiſture yields
Life's purple ſtream a freſh ſupply;
Sweet waters, wand'ring through the flowery fields,
Or dropping from the ſky;
Confeſs the Power whoſe all-ſufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to ſupport our frame.

Now the rude air, with noiſy force,
Beats up and ſwells the angry ſea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And ſweep the ſailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the ſhores!
Lo, the wild ſeas and ſurging waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand graves:
Be ſtill, ye floods, and know your bounds of ſand,
Ye ſtorms, adore your Maſter's hand:
The winds are in his fiſt, the waves at his command,

From the eternal emptineſs
His fruitful word, by ſecret ſprings,
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble univerſe:
Old Nothing knew his powerful hand,
Scarce had he ſpoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and ſea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all:
And ſtill they dance, and ſtill obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation day.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To ſenſual bliſs that charms us ſo,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taſte
Of the fair fruits that ſinners prize:
Their paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the ſweet that is not laid
A bait to ſome deſtructive ſnare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Then mighty molehill, earth, farewel!
Angels aſpire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vaſt deſires,
My ſoul purſues the ſovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND, and adore! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our ſight
Plung'd in th'abyſs of dazzling light.

Thou ſacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlaſting Myſtery,
What lofty numbers ſhall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the neareſt to the throne,
Begin, and ſpeak the great Unknown :
Attempt the ſong, wind up your ſtrings,
To notes untry'd, and boundleſs things.

You, whoſe capacious powers ſurvey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay :
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is ſeen, or known, or thought, by you !

How flat your higheſt praiſes fall
Below th'immenſe Original !
Weak creatures we, that ſtrive in vain
To reach an uncreated ſtrain !

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praiſe ;
A ſong ſo vaſt, a theme ſo high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the ſky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake ; and hideous fear
Diſtracts my reſtleſs mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell purſues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne ;
While thunder murmurs round the ſky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where ſhall I hide this noxious head :
Can rocks or mountains ſave ?
Or ſhall I wrap me in the ſhade
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no ſhelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?

Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
  Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
  And wash away my sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
  And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
  That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
  If sin, the tyrant, reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
  That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
  Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord! how fearful is his name!
  How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
  Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
  And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
  He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
  Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
  Or break them, as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall,
  In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
  And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthleſs race,
In ſweet compaſſion move;
He clothes his looks with ſofteſt grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And ſway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in eaſe, or pain,
We are his favourites ſtill.

No more ſhall peeviſh paſſion riſe,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis ſovereign Love that lends our joys,
And love reſumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curſt,
"That doth one wilful ſin commit;
"Death and damnation for the firſt,
"Without relief, and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jeſus, thy dear gaſping breath,
And Calvary, ſay gentler things:

"Pardon, and grace, and boundleſs love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming ſound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father let the rebels live."

Go, you that reſt upon the law,
And toil, and ſeek ſalvation there,

Look to the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

But I'll retire beneath the croſs;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen ſword that juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

O Mens, quæ ſtabili fata Regis vice," &c.
Caſſimire, Book III. Od. 23.

ETERNAL Mind, who rul'ſt the fates
Of dying realms, and riſing ſtates,
With one unchang'd decree;
While we admire thy vaſt affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a ſmile to thee?

Thou ſcattereſt honours, crowns, and gold:
We fly to ſeize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore:
So emmets ſtruggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For ſhells upon the ſhore.

Here a vain man his ſceptre breaks,
The next a broken ſceptre takes,
And warriors win and loſe;
This rolling world will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: Greedy ſwords
Carve it among a thouſand lords,
And yet they can't agree:

Let greedy ſwords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells th'immortal mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a clod of earth deſign'd
" T'incloſe a heavenly ſtar?

" Weak cottage, where our ſouls reſide!
" This fleſh a tottering wall;
" With frightful breaches, gaping wide,
" The building bends to fall.

" All round it ſtorms of trouble blow,
" And waves of ſorrow roll;
" Cold waves and winter ſtorms beat through,
" And pain the tenant-ſoul.

" Alas! how frail our ſtate!" ſaid I:
And thus went mourning on,
Till, ſudden from the cleaving ſky,
A gleam of glory ſhone.

My ſoul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then ſhe remember'd heaven her home,
And ſhe a priſoner here.

Straight ſhe began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She ſung the frailty of her clay
In pleaſurable ſtrains.

" How weak the priſon where I dwell!
" Fleſh but a tottering wall,
" The breaches cheerfully foretel
" The houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

" No more, my friends, ſhall I complain,
" Though all my heart-ſtrings ache;
" Welcome, diſeaſe, and every pain,
" That makes the cottage ſhake.

" Now let the tempeſt blow all round,
" Now ſwell the ſurges high,
" And beat this houſe of bondage down,
" To let the ſtranger fly.

" I have a manſion built above,
" By the Eternal Hand;
" And ſhould the earth's old baſis move,
" My heavenly houſe muſt ſtand.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to ſee the God)
" And his immortal ſtrength ſuſtains
" The courts that coſt him blood."

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
" I come, my Lord, my Love."
Devotion breaks the priſon walls,
And ſpeeds my laſt remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

IT was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the firſt ſhip broke the unknown ſea:
And, leaving his dear native ſhores behind,
Truſted his life to the licentious wind.
I ſee the ſurging brine: the tempeſt raves:
He on a pine-plank rides acroſs the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thouſand gaping graves:
He ſteers the winged boat, and ſhifts the ſails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.
Such is the ſoul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearleſs, when the great Maſter gives command.

Death is the ſtorm: ſhe ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempeſt waft her from the ſhore:
Then with a ſkilful helm ſhe ſweeps the ſeas,
And manages the raging ſtorm with eaſe;
(Her faith can govern death) ſhe ſpreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes by degrees the ſight of mortal things.
As the ſhores leſſen, ſo her joys ariſe,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempeſt dies.
Now vaſt eternity fills all her ſight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The ſeas for ever calm, the ſkies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

HOW long ſhall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the juſt,
While the rich blood of martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the duſt?

When ſhall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond deſires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith ariſe, and climb the hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

Lo, I behold the ſcattering ſhades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The ſweet immortal morning ſpreads
Its bluſhes round the ſpheres.

I ſee the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The ſkies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet ſhakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, ariſe!"
And, lo, the graves obey,
And waking ſaints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th'expected day.

They leave the duſt, and, on the wing,
Riſe to the middle air,
In ſhining garments, meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble ſpirit ſtand
Among them, cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt place, at his right-hand,
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the ſkies
On love's triumphant wing!

BREATHING TOWARDS THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. OD. 19, IMITATED.

"Urit me Patriæ Decor," &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inſpires;
I burn, I burn with ſtrong deſires,
And ſigh and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her ſhining way,
And ſhoots my heart thro' with a ſilver ray;
Upward my heart aſpires:
A thouſand lamps of golden light,
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my ſight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright centinels, who guard my Father's court,

Where all the happy minds reſort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Muſt ye for ever walk th'ethereal round,
For ever ſee the mourner lie
An exile of the ſky,
A pris'ner of the ground?
Deſcend, ſome ſhining ſervants from on high,
Build me a haſty tomb;
A graſſy turf will raiſe my head;
The neighbouring lilies dreſs my bed;
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Here I put off the chains of death,
My ſoul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn;
Raphael, behold me, all undreſs'd,
Here gently lay this fleſh to reſt;
Then mount and lead the path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming guide! on pinions of my own.

THE HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

ON ST. ARDALIO,

Who, from a Stage-Player, became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers; and in his comic ſtrains
The myſt'ries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter ſhakes the painted ſcenes.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy ſtood near, and, with a ſmiling brow,
Calm'd the loud thunder: "There's no need of you;
"Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak man ſubdue."

Grace leaves the ſkies, and he the ſtage forſakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And as he bows, this gentle farewel ſpeaks:

"So goes the comedy of life away;
"Vain earth, adieu; Heaven will applaud today;
"Strike, courteous tyrant! and conclude the play."

When the Proteſtant church, at Montpelier, was demoliſhed, by the French king's order, the Proteſtants laid ſtones up in their buryingplace, whereon a Jeſuit made a Latin

EPIGRAM.

ENGLISHED THUS:

A Hug'not church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madneſs and their guilt;
Too long it ſtood beneath heaven's angry frown,
Worthy, when riſing, to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at laſt, th'avenger of the ſkies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The ſtones diſpers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their fathers' tomb.
Thus the curs'd houſe falls on the builder's head;
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the juſt vengeance ſtill purſues the guilty dead.

ANSWER,

By a French Proteſtant,

ENGLISHED THUS:

A Chriſtian church once at Montpelier ſtood,
And nobly ſpoke the builders' zeal for God,
It ſtood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deſerv'd to be deſtroy'd ſo ſoon;
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.

Young faithful hands pile up the ſacred ſtones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
The ſtones ſhall move when the dead fathers riſe,
Start up before the pale deſtroyer's eyes,
And teſtify his madneſs to th' avenging ſkies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS,

DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric ſong:
Here ſhe glows like burning noon
In fierceſt flames, and here ſhe plays
Gentle as ſtar-beams on the midnight ſeas;
Now in a ſmiling angel's form,
Anon ſhe rides upon the ſtorm,
Loud as the noiſy thunder, as a deluge ſtrong.
Are my thoughts and wiſhes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the muſe: Lo! ſhe diſdains
The links and chains,
Meaſures and rules, of vulgar ſtrains,
And o'er the laws of harmony, a ſov'reign queen,
ſhe reigns.

If ſhe roves
By ſtreams or groves,
Tuning her pleaſures or her pains,
My paſſion keeps her ſtill in ſight,
My paſſion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations ſlain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From ſhore to ſhore,
My ſoul ſits faſt upon her wings,

And ſweeps the crimſon ſurge, or ſcours the purple plain;
Still I attend her as ſhe flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the ſkies.

But when from the meridian ſtar
Long ſtreaks of glory ſhine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, ſhe knows the ſign,
The muſe aſcends her heavenly car,
And climbs the ſteepy path, and means the throne divine.
Then ſhe leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of diſtance far behind!
Virtue lags, with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot riſe,
Cannot riſe....Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way th'ethereal hill.

Oh! why is piety ſo weak,
And yet the muſe ſo ſtrong?
When ſhall theſe hateful fetters break,
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A ſpark of heavenly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy fleſh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal paſſion charms my ſoul aſtray,
Shine, thou ſweet hour of dear releaſe,
Shine from the ſky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliſs.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the ſong, and guides the way;
There love and zeal, divine and bright,
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And ſcarce the boldeſt muſe can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She ſpreads her gay deluſive ſcenes;
Or is the viſion true?
Behold religion on her throne,
In awful ſtate deſcending down,
And her dominions, vaſt and bright, within my ſpacious view.
She ſmiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy powers looſe from the cumbrous clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory ſown,
And ſeas, and ſkies, and ſtars her own,
In an unmeaſur'd ſphere!
What heavens of joy, and light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling ſun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving muſe has been,
That greater traveller!

A long farewel to all below,
Farewel to all that ſenſe can ſhow,
To golden ſcenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the ſwift tranſports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe Pindaric plumes fly ſcattering down the wind.
Among the clouds I loſe my breath,
The rapture grows too ſtrong:
The feeble powers that nature gave
Faint, and drop downward to the grave;
Receive their fall, thou treaſurer of death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the groſs organ, well refin'd,
Can trace the boundleſs flights of an unfetter'd mind,
And raiſe an equal ſong.

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS OF THIS BOOK

ARE PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO

DIVINE LOVE.*

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

WHERE-E'ER my flattering paſſions rove,
I find a lurking ſnare;
'Tis dangerous to let looſe our love
Beneath th'Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendſhip binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the leſs for God.

Nature has ſoft but powerful bands,
And reaſon ſhe controls;
While children, with their little hands,
Hang cloſeſt to our ſouls.

Thoughtleſs, they act th'old ſerpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

* Different ages have their different airs and faſhions of writing. It was much more the faſhion of the age, when theſe Poems were written, to treat of divine ſubjects in the ſtyle of Solomon's Song, than it is at this day, which will afford ſome apology for the writer, in his younger years.

Our haſty wills ruſh blindly on
Where riſing paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters ſtrong
To bind our ſlaviſh ſouls.

Dear Sovereign! break theſe fetters off,
And ſet our ſpirits free;
God in himſelf is bliſs enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

COME, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to ſtone, or froze to ice?
I ſee the bleſſed Fair-one bend
And ſtoop t'embrace me from the ſkies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That thoſe ſweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal love!

I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to ſuſtain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of ſtrong deſire,
Aſſum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling ſkies!
Jeſus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a croſs of love, and dies.

Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted ſo
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and ſpreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing ſmart;

By theſe dear wounds, ſays he; and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his heart.

Sure I muſt love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my paſſion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears;
This heart ſhall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

IF there are paſſions in my ſoul,
(And paſſions, ſure, there be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jeſus, all for thee!

If love, that pleaſing power, can reſt
In hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breaſt,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art,
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmeſt paſſions dead
To all that earth can boaſt;
This ſoul of mine was never made
For vanity and duſt.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidſt their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celeſtial hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs land,
His ſoul points upward ſtill.

He glides along my mortal things,
  Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his taſk, and ſpreads his wings
  To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

SWEET muſe, deſcend, and bleſs the ſhade,
  And bleſs the the evening grove;
Bus'neſs, and noiſe, and day are fled,
  And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair!
  Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis ſhall infect the air,
  With her unhallow'd name.

Jeſus has all my powers poſſeſs'd,
  My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
  Shall ſtill command my voice.

Some of the faireſt choirs above
  Shall flock around my ſong,
With joy, to hear the name they love
  Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms ſhall make my numbers flow,
  And hold the falling floods,
While ſilence ſits on every bough,
  And bends the liſtening woods.

I'll carve our paſſion on the bark,
  And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic mark
  That Jeſus dy'd for me.

The ſwains ſhall wonder, when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itſelf came down, and bled,
To win a mortal's love!

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That firſt allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my ſight
Seem but the twinkling ſparks of night,
And, languiſhing in doubtful light,
Die at the morning ſtar.

Whatever makes the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever ſpeaks the creature ſweet,
And worthy of my paſſion, meet,
Harmonious, in my Lord.
A thouſand graces ever riſe,
A bloom upon his face;
A thouſand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart, with dear ſurpriſe,
And guard around the place.

All nature's art ſhall never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds ſhe made,
But charms ſo much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What heaven has join'd ſhall never part,
And Jeſus muſt be mine.

In vain the envious ſhades of night,
  Or flatteries of the day,
Would veil his image from my ſight,
  Or tempt my ſoul away;
Jeſus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream,
  And knows not to depart:
    The paſſion reigns
    Through all my veins,
And floating round the crimſon ſtream,
  Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
  Here I confine my ſenſe;
Nor dare my wildeſt wiſhes rove
  Nor ſtir a thought from thence.
Amidſt thy glories and thy grace.
Let all my remnant-minutes paſs;
  Grant thou, Everlaſting Fair,
  Grant my ſoul a manſion there:
My ſoul aſpires to ſee thy face
Though life ſhould for the viſion pay;
So rivers run to meet the ſea,
  And loſe their nature in th'embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In thee the paſſions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd,
Exult and ſpread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd, and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love;
  Who could ever bear to be
  Curſt with immortality
Among the ſtars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

NOT the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
  I owe to Chriſt my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel,
He brought my guilty ſoul from hell:
Not the firſt ſeraph's tongue can tell
  The value of his blood.

Kindly he ſeiz'd me in his arms,
From the falſe world's pernicious charms,
  With force divinely ſweet.
Had I ten thouſand lives my own,
    At his demand,
    With cheerful hand,
  I'd pay the vital treaſure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taſte thy grace
  With every fleeting breath;
And through that heaven of pleaſure paſs
  To the cold arms of death;
Then I could loſe ſucceſſive ſouls
  Faſt as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
  To kiſs the ſhore, and die.

The ſubſtance of the following Copy, and many of the lines, were ſent me by an eſteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a deſire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his meaſures, leſt I ſhould too much alter his ſenſe.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

ANGELS of light, your God and King ſurround,
With noble ſongs; in his exalted fleſh
He claims your worſhip: while his ſaints on earth
Bleſs their Redeemer-God with humble tongues,
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith may feel
His diſtant influence, and confeſs his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eyelids, an unuſual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and ſurpriſe.
My joyful heart, high leaping in my breaſt,
With tranſport cried, This is the Chriſt of God;
Then threw my arms around in ſweet embrace,
And claſp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was loſt in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my ſoul, aſham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance, now deſerve a name,
Though with contempt; beſt in oblivion hid.

But the bright ſhine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his his abſence; and with ſtrongeſt cries
Proclaim'd, where Jeſus is not all is vain.
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or ſeek him, panting with extreme deſire,
'Tis he alone can pleaſe my wondering ſoul;
To hold or ſeek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to caſt his eye

Down from his palace, nor my longing ſoul
With upward look can ſpy my deareſt Lord,
Through this blue pavement I behold him ſtill,
With ſweet reflection on the peaceful croſs,
All in his blood and anguiſh groaning deep,
Gaſping and dying there.....
This ſight I ne'er can loſe ; by it I live :
A quick'ning virtue, from his death inſpir'd,
Is life and breath to me ; his fleſh my food ;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my ſtrength.

I live, I'm ſtrong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breaſt ; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purpoſes divine,
Counſels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once, and ſign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th'eternal Mind.
With vaſt amaze, I ſee th'unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite ſchemes, and infinite deſigns
Of God's own heart, in which he ever reſts.
Eternity lies open to my view ;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can diſcover ; Chriſt the End of all,
And Chriſt the great Beginning ; he, my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day, were come,
When the firſt Adam from his ancient duſt,
Crown'd with new honours, ſhall revive, and ſee
Jeſus, his Son and Lord ; while ſhouting ſaints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperior beams,
And like himſelf ; then the myſterious Word,
Long hid behind the letter, ſhall appear
All ſpirit and life, and in the fulleſt light
Stand forth to public view : and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred works, and wondrous ways :
Then wiſdom, righteouſneſs, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite tranſactions paſt,

Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall, with double blaze,
Strike our aſtoniſh'd eyes, and ever reign,
Admir'd and glorious, in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of ſin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment caſt,
Shall vex the Saints no more: but perfect love
And loudeſt praiſes perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the bliſsful ſtate.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

NOW let my faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and ſee his throne above.

See where he languiſh'd on the croſs;
Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe
By his Almighty Father's ſide.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of ſorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing ſmart,
And buys my pleaſure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror ſits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compaſſion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound:

How ſhall a pardon'd rebel ſhew
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I baniſh every foe,
I hate the ſins that coſt thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My deareſt luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a ſeal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IN IMITATION OF ISAIAH, LXIII. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes.

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt;
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine!
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heavenly fleſh, this ſacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;
'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taſte the Saviour's love;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet hoſannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'M tir'd with viſits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their converſation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty ſtuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy beſt company, my Lord, thou life of all my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my paſſions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight ſhades, on froſty ground,
I could attend the pleaſing ſound,
Nor ſhould I feel December cold, nor think the darkneſs long.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the ſins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret ſhame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the name
That knew nor guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all for me.

Next he deſcribes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody paſſion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet, with the ſympathetic ſmart,
There's a ſtrange joy beats round my heart;
The curſed tree has bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt balm it bears.

I hear the glorious ſufferer tell,
How on his croſs he vanquiſh'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:

Tranſported and inſpir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a ſong;
"How has the ſerpent loſt his ſting! and where's
thy victory, death?"

But when he ſhews his hands and heart,
With thoſe dear prints of dying ſmart,
He ſets my ſoul on fire:
Not the beloved John could reſt
With more delight upon that breaſt,
Nor Thomas pry into thoſe wounds with more intenſe deſire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my ſorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head ſuſtains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And ſporting ſwains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My ſoul diſdains that little ſnare
The tangles of Amiro's hair!
Thine arms, my God, are ſweeter bands, nor can my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

SOL. SONG, I. 3; II. 5; VI. 5.

TELL me, faireſt of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve ſuch cares as mine?

Shepherd, lead me to thy grove :....
If burning noon infect the ſky,
The ſickening ſheep to covert fly,
The ſheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy flock to reſt?
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, ſay,
Shall I turn my feet aſtray;
Will Jeſus bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another love?

Ne'er had I known his deareſt name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender ſound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the ſky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch ſo vile as me,
Without returns of paſſion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mixed with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sit majeſty and gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills:
His abſence is perpetual ſmart;
Nor is my ſoul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer ſmiles
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping head?
I love, I love the ſun, and yet I want the ſhade.

My ſinking ſpirits feebly ſtrive
T'endure the ecſtaſy;
Beneath theſe rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the pleaſure and the pain
That all my inward powers ſuſtain
But ſuch as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God again.

Oh why ſhould beauty, heavenly bright,
Stoop to charm a mortal's ſight
And torture with the ſweet exceſs of light?
Our hearts, alas, how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love ſo ſtrong, and nature's ſelf ſo weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Aſcend the azure hills, and ſhine
Among the happy tenants of the ſkies,
They can ſuſtain a viſion ſo divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intenſe, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my raſh complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward will:
Unveil thy beauties though I faint.
Send the great herald from the ſky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble ſtate of things ſhall fly,
And pain and pleaſure mix no more:
Then ſhall I gaze, with ſtrengthen'd ſight,
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart ſhall all be love, my Jeſus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST, PRESENT OR ABSENT.

OF all the joys we mortals know,
Jeſus, thy love exceeds the reſt;
Love the beſt bleſſings here below,
And neareſt image of the bleſt.

Sweet are my thoughts, and ſoft my cares,
When the celeſtial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's ſomething kind and preſſing ſtill.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each ſmile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He ſpeaks, and ſtraight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My ſoul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleaſure ſhoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred pledge behind;
Here in this breaſt his image ſtays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his abſence I complain,
And long, and weep, as lovers do,
There's a ſtrange pleaſure in the pain,
And tears have their own ſweetneſs too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or aſk the watchmen of the night
For ſome kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jeſus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my Lord at home,
And feel the preſence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty ſhade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall ſhadows were for lovers made;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enſlav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the ſkies.

Jeſus, the ſpring of all that's bright,
The Everlaſting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright charmer dwell?
Abſence thou keeneſt wound to love,
That ſharpeſt pain, I feel.

Penſive, I climb the ſacred hills,
And near him vent my woes:
Yet his ſweet face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my paſſion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bleſs the echo in her cell
That beſt repeats his name.

My paſſion breathes perpetual ſighs,
Till pitying winds ſhall hear,
And gently bear them up the ſkies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

JESUS, I love. Come deareſt name,
Come and poſſeſs this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely leſs than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the ſkies,
Dreſs'd in the rays of mildeſt grace,
My ſoul ſhould haſten to my eyes
To meet the pleaſures of his face.

How would I feaſt on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worſhip and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty ſo divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain ſhall bid me move,
In vain; for I ſhould gaze ſo long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then, mighty God, I'd ſing and ſay,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
"Amongſt them give theſe worlds away,
"Theſe little deſpicable things."

I would not aſk to climb the ſky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the bleſs'd viſion of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'TIS pure delight without alloy,
Jeſus, to hear thy name,
My ſpirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the ſacred flame.

My paſſion holds a pleaſing reign,
With love inſpires my breaſt,
Love, the divineſt of the train,
The ſovereign of the reſt,

This is the grace muſt live and ſing,
When faith and fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from every joyful ſtring
Through the ſweet groves of bliſs.

Let life immortal ſeize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my ſoul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I aſcend the heavenly place,
And haſten to my home:
I leap to meet thy kind embrace;
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye ſeparating hills,
Let guilt and death remove:
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death muſt yield to love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR:

OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To ſee thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy ſight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and ſings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moſes, the ſaint, enjoys the ſame,
And heaven repeats the ſong.

While the bright nation ſounds thy praiſe
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a ſea without a ſhore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To ſee a ſmiling God!

Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And ſtretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the ſky,
The wondrous prophet try'd;
"Climb up the mount," ſays God, "and die;"
The prophet climb'd and dy'd.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his ſoul away,
And laid his fleſh to reſt.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own ſpirit gave ;
His was the nobleſt road to death,
And his the ſweeteſt grave.

LONGING FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting day!
Farewel, my ſpouſe, he ſaid ;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my Love hath ſtaid!)

Farewel! at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's ſky ;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wide I rove,
And ſearch the globe in vain,
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My paſſions fly to ſeek their King,
And ſend their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing
And mourn an abſent God :

With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
My ſoul diſſolves away,
Dear Sovereign, whirl the ſeaſons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling face ;
What though a ſhort eclipſe his beauties ſhroud,
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, and a ſummer cloud :

Hope in Darkness. Vide Watts Lyric Poems Book I Page 36
Break glorious brightness, shoot one glimmering ray
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.
Design'd by J. Thurston.
Engraved by A. Smith.
Pub. 1 Octr. May 1. 1801.

He is my ſun, though he refuſe to ſhine;
Though for a moment he depart,
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early, before the light ariſe,
I'll ſpring a thought away to God;
The paſſion of my heart and eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand groans and ſighs,
A thouſand glances ſtrike the ſkies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy ſervant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or ſhall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious brightneſs, through the gloomy veil.
Lo, how the armies of deſpair
Aloft the ſooty banners rear
Round my poor captive ſoul, and dare
Pronounce me priſoner of hell.
But thou, my Sun, and thou, my Shield,
Wilt ſave me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious brightneſs, ſhoot one glimmering ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious rays;
Sin, with all its ghaſtly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And ſmiling triumph ſat on every face:
Our ſpirits, raptur'd with the ſight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hoſannas ſounded the Redeemer's praiſe.

Here could I ſay,
(And point the place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a viſit half the day
From my deſcending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely ſweet the bleſſings were
While mine Emmanuel was there;
And o'er the head
The conqueror ſpread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart ſunk down ſo low?
Why do my eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs nature mourn?
Review, my ſoul, thoſe pleaſing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the diſpleaſure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raiſe a frown
To chide the child, or prove the ſon,
But love will ne'er deſtroy;
The hour of darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy ſupport,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN ſhall thy lovely face be ſeen?
When ſhall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of diſtance lie between,
And hills of guilt; a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
And ſlowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged time, and roll away
Theſe tedious rounds of ſluggiſh years.

Ye heavenly gates, looſe all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Bleſt Saviour, cleave the ſtarry plains,
And make the cryſtal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy ſaints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, thou, the ſoul of all our joys,
Thou, the deſire of nations, come.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bleſs our eyes, and bleſs our ears,
Thou abſent love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou faireſt of ten thouſand fairs.

Our heart-ſtrings groan with deep complaint,
Our fleſh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Our ſpirits ſhake their wings,
And burn to meet their flying throne;
We riſe away from mortal things
T'attend thy ſhining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And ſmile to ſee the lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy wheels.

O for a ſhout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering ſound!
The angel-herald ſhakes the ſkies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye ſlumbering ſaints, a heavenly hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every ſacred ſleeping duſt
Leap into life, for Jeſus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active, and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet, with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.

I LOVE the Lord! but, ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart, how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares or trifles make or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I, with grief and wonder, see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft am I told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;

At beſt the chimes divide my heart,
And the muſe ſhares the larger part.

Falſe coufident! and falſer breaſt!
Fickle, and fond of every gueſt:
Each airy image, as it flies,
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This fooliſh heart can leave her God,
And ſhadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How ſhall I fix this wandering mind;
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down, almighty Grace,
Priſon me round in thine embrace;
Pity the ſoul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say, when ſhall the bright moment be
That I ſhall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign Lords adore,
And the wild muſe prove falſe no more!

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jeſus mine,
And ſit and view his ſmiling face,
And melt in pleaſures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms,
He lay, till ſin defil'd my breaſt,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly gueſt.

And now he's gone (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my ſoul, and hides his love!
Curſe on you, ſins, that griev'd him ſo,
Ye ſins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your ſorrows bring:
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful ſong,
If you have e'er a mourning ſtring.

But ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you ſee;
While my poor ſpirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And ſpy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving ſpheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My ſoul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the manſions of the ſky.

There ſmiling joy for ever reigns;
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewel to jealouſies and pains,
And all the ills of abſent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

The loweſt ſtep above thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height, with wond'ring eyes.

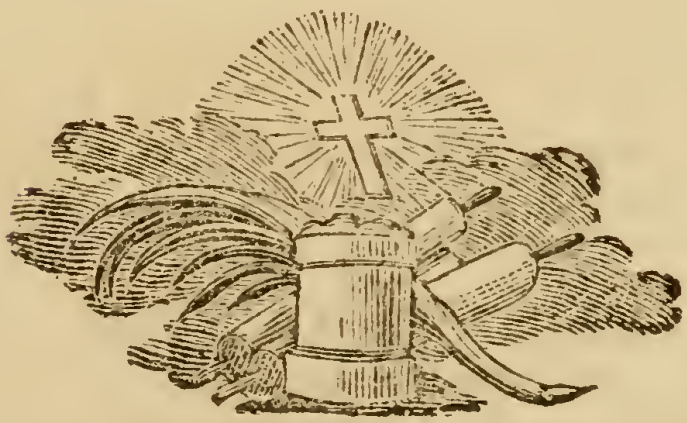
Thy dazzling beauties whilſt he ſings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of ſhining thrones around
Fall, worſhipping, and ſpread the ground.

Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth, from afar, has heard the fame,
And worms have learn'd to liſp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below;
Be ſhort, our tunes; our words be few;
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

"Tibi ſilet laus, O Deus." Pſal. lxv. 1.



HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO HONOUR, VIRTUE, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whoſe gentle ſway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t'obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William dy'd:
Lo, at thy royal feet, in all the pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almoſt without a tear
Stands, nor complains; while from thy gracious tongue
Peace flows in ſilver ſtreams amidſt the throng.
Amazing balm, that on thoſe lips was found
To ſoothe the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion ſhouts thine honours as her joys ariſe.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can ſecure her head;
Her trembling eagles haſten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy ſhield. Remoter lands,
Whoſe lives lay truſted in Naſſovian hands,
Transfer their ſouls, and live; ſecure, they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilſt, in various forms,
Fair piety ſhines through the Britiſh iſles:
Here at thy ſide, and in thy kindeſt ſmiles *
Blazing in ornamental gold, ſhe ſtands,
To bleſs thy councils and aſſiſt thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There, at a humble diſtance from the throne †,
Beauteous as ſhe lies; her luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd; yet not bluſhing, nor afraid,
Nor knows ſuſpicion, nor affects the ſhade:
Cheerful and pleas'd, ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear ſovereign, endleſs vows ariſe,
And zeal with earthly wing ſalutes the ſkies
To gain thy ſafety. Here a ſolemn form *
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wiſhes: There the mind †
Feels its own fire, and kindles, unconfin'd,
With bolder hopes: Yet ſtill beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories riſe, thy ſpreading terror grows.

Princeſs, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall ſcourge rebellion and the rival-boy ‡:
Thy ſounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And ſpeeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard deſpair wring from the tyrant's ſoul
The iron tears out: Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath ſubmit
Her impious banners to thy ſacred feet;
Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Feel theſe ſweet realms in thine auſpicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treaſon bite the chain.

* The eſtabliſhed church of England.
† The Proteſtant diſſenters. ‡ The Pretender.

Let no black ſcenes affright fair Albion's ſtage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bleſs the earth, and late aſcend thy throne,
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unſung; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferior kings §, and gives them their commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates!
For thee thy ſiſter-ſeraph, bleſt Maria, waits.

But, oh! the parting ſtroke! ſome heavenly pow'r
Cheer thy ſad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious ſtar appear on high
The faireſt glory of the weſtern ſky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle ſway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Soothe the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm, riſing wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the ſouthern ſphere.

Note. This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when ſhe had broken the French power at Blenheim, aſſerted the right of Charles the preſent emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and promiſed inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Proteſtant diſſenters. Thus ſhe appeared the chief ſupport of the Reformation, and the patroneſs of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accompliſhment of thoſe glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muſe cannot ſatisfy herſelf to publiſh this new edition, without acknowledging the miſtake of her former preſages, and while ſhe does the world this juſtice, ſhe does herſelf the honour of a voluntary retraction.

Auguſt 1, 1721. I. W.

§ She made Charles, the emperor's ſecond ſon, king of Spain, who was afterwards emperor of Germany.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muſe
That dar'd prophetic ſeals to looſe,
(Unſkill'd in fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters miſtook.
George is the name, that glorious ſtar;
Ye ſaw his ſplendors beaming far;
Saw in the eaſt your joys ariſe,
When Anna ſunk in weſtern ſkies,
Streaking the heavens with crimſon gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day;
His influence ſoothes the Ruſſian bear,
Calms riſing wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the ſun his beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter bleſſings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the work that Anne forſook.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our ſouls compoſe,
Their bliſs within their boſom ſprings,
Within their boſom flows.

But narrow minds ſtill make pretence
To ſearch the coaſts of fleſh and ſenſe,
And fetch diviner pleaſures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debaſe their honour down to earth,
And claim a ſhare with worms.

He that has treaſures of his own,
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious mind.
Locke hath a ſoul wide as the ſea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vaſt ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

(Afterwards Lord Barrington.)

ON MR. LOCKE'S DANGEROUS SICKNESS, SOME TIME AFTER HE HAD RETIRED TO STUDY THE SCRIPTURES.

AND muſt the man of wond'rous mind,
(Now his rich thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The wings of faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the ſkies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And ſeize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeneſs bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copy'd in his ſon.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen ſhall make us wiſe:
The ſallies of whoſe youthful wit
Could pierce the Britiſh fogs with light,
Place our true * intereſt in our ſight,
And open half our eyes.

* The "Intereſt of England," written by Mr. Shute.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou ſweet deluding ill,
The brighteſt minute mortals find,
And ſharpeſt hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our ſhares
Of pleaſure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilſt in floods our ſorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling ſouls
Serves but to ſwell our woe.

Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte,
And friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond paſſion cling ſo faſt,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death diſſolve the chain:
For love and joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

(Afterwards Sir Nathaniel Gould.)

'TIS not by ſplendor, nor by ſtate,
Exalted mien, or lofty gate,
My muſe takes meaſures of a king:
If wealth, or weight, or bulk may do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majeſtic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er fellow-minds, enſlav'd in clay;
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſs'd
A larger heap of ſhining duſt,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world ſalute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding names of high and great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ſhips to run
And ſearch the traffic of the ſea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the weſtern winds away,
Or richer ſpices from the riſing ſun:
While the glad tenants of the ſhore
Shout, and pronounce him ſenator *,
Yet ſtill the man's the ſame:
For well the happy merchant knows
The ſoul with treaſure never grows,
Nor ſwells with airy fame.

But truſt me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To riſe above the mean control
Of fleſh and ſenſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is ambition that becomes a ſoul.
We ſteer our courſe up through the ſkies;

* Member of parliament for a port in Suſſex.

Farewel this barren land:
We view the heavenly ſhore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of ſpirit lies,
And beckoning angels ſtand.

THE LIFE OF SOULS.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

SWIFT as the ſun revolves the day,
We haſten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind, we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when firſt
The vital billows heave:
Our fleſh we borrow of the duſt;
And when a mother's care has nurſt
The babe to manly ſize, we muſt
With uſury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame:
And plants, and roots of barb'rous name,
Torn from the Indian ſhore.
Thus we ſupport our tott'ring fleſh,
Our cheeks reſume the roſe afreſh,
When bark and ſteel play well their game
To ſave our ſinking breath,
And Gibſon, with his awful power,
Reſcues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at laſt, to greedy worms
A deſpicable prey;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That ſhall depend on heaven alone;

Nor air, nor earth, nor ſea
Mix their baſe eſſences with mine,
Nor claim dominion ſo divine
To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulſe beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth reſume the fleſh it gave,
And breath diſſolve amongſt the winds;
Gibſon, the things that fear a grave,
That I can loſe, or you can ſave,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the ſkies,
Upwards our ſpirits hourly riſe,
And there our thoughts employ:
When heaven ſhall ſign our grand releaſe,
We are no ſtrangers to the place,
The buſineſs, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him bleſs'd
That only boaſts a large eſtate,
Should all the treaſures of the weſt
Meet, and conſpire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reaſon can't deſcend ſo low.
Let a broad ſtream, with golden ſands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow ſoul.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy ſtore,
And proudly poiſing what he weighs,
In his own ſcale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of ſhining ore.

He ſpreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
When Crœſus mounts his throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their ſhadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that ſhape their own!

Thus mingled ſtill with wealth and ſtate,
Crœſus himſelf can never know;
His true dimenſions and his weight
Are far inferior to their ſhow.
Were I ſo tall to reach the pole,
Or graſp the ocean with my ſpan,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my ſoul:
The mind's the ſtandard of the man.

AN EPISTLE.

TO SARISSA.

BEAR up, Sariſſa, through the ruffling ſtorms
Of a vain vexing world: Tread down the cares,
Thoſe ragged thorns, that lie acroſs the road,
Nor ſpend a tear upon them. Truſt the muſe,
She ſings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel through a deſert, and our feet
Have meaſur'd a fair ſpace, have left behind
A thouſand dangers, and a thouſand ſnares,
Well 'ſcap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finiſh'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours: the twinge of real ſmart,
And the falſe terrors of ill-boding dreams,
Vaniſh together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewel, ye waxing, and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds,
On night's dark hill, or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian height: then ſilence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witneſs'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb, ye ſilvered o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Thoſe hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone,
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and ſorrows paſt,
Mountainous woes, ſtill leſſen as they fly
Far off. So, billows in a ſtormy ſea,
Wave after wave (a long ſucceſſion) roll
Beyond the ken of ſight: the ſailors, ſafe,
Look far aſtern till they have loſt the ſtorm,
And ſhout their boiſterous joys. A gentler muſe
Sings thy dear ſafety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion, bury'd deep in night;
Loſe them, Sariſſa, and aſſiſt my ſong.

Awake thy voice, ſing how the ſlender line
Of fate's immortal NOW divides the paſt
From all the future, with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The paſt temptations
No more ſhall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the deſtin'd number; every pulſe
Beats a ſharp moment of the pain away,
And the laſt ſtroke will come. By ſwift degrees
Time ſweeps us off, and we ſhall ſoon arrive
At life's ſweet period: O celeſtial point
That ends this mortal ſtory!

But if a glimpſe of light, with flattering ray,
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wandering fire,
Amidſt the ſhades, invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithleſs guide!

That leads the loneſome pilgrim wide aſtray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious pleaſure take an angel-form,
And at a diſtance riſe, by ſlow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herſelf into your heart,
Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: the juſt delight
That heaven indulges lawful muſt obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In ſlavery to ſenſe, nor ſwell your hope
To dangerous ſize: if it approach your feet,
And court your hand, forbid th'intruding joy
To ſit too near your heart. Still may our ſouls
Claim kindred with the ſkies, nor mix with duſt
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A neſt for worms, and haſten to our home.

O there are gardens of th'immortal kind,
That crown the heavenly Eden's riſing hills
With beauty and with ſweets; no lurking miſchief
Dwells in the fruit, nor ſerpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliſs
Ripe for the taſte, but 'tis a ſteep aſcent:
Hold faſt the * golden chain let down from heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; faſtened to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring: happy clue!
Thro'this dark wild. 'Twas wiſdom's nobleſt work,
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

PARADISE.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

YOUNG as I am, I quit the ſtage,
Nor will I know th'applauſes of the age;
Farewel to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;

* The Goſpel.

I leave my country all in tears ;
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt ye, friends, divide and ſhare
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the race.
Hark ! my fair guardian chides my ſtay,
And waves his golden rod :
" Angel, I come ; lead on the way :"
And now by ſwift degrees
I ſail aloft through azure ſeas,
Now tread the milky road :
Farewel, ye planets, in your ſpheres ;
And as the ſtars are loſt, a brighter ſky appears.
In haſte for paradiſe
I ſtretch the pinions of a bolder thought ;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was paſt
Deſerts of trackleſs light, and all th'ethereal waſte,
And to the ſacred borders brought ;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from ſieges and ſurpriſe.

With pleaſing reverence, I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold :
Enter, my ſoul, and view th'amazing ſcenes ;
Sit faſt upon the flying muſe,
And let thy roving wonder looſe
O'er all th'empyreal plains.
Noon ſtands eternal here : here may thy ſight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light ;
Here breathe immortal air :
Joy muſt beat high in every vein,
Pleaſure through all the boſom reign ;
The laws forbid the ſtranger, pain,
And baniſh every care.
See how the bubbling ſprings of love
Beneath the throne ariſe ;

PARADISE A VISION.
And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th'unutterable name,
But faints confounded by the notes divine
Wills Vid. Page 115. Line 73.

The ſtreams in cryſtal channels move,
Around the golden ſtreets they rove,
And bleſs the manſions of the upper ſkies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor ſin nor death infects the fruit;
Young life hangs freſh on all the boughs,
And ſprings from every root;
Here may thy greedy ſenſes feaſt
While ecſtaſy and health attends on every taſte.
With the fair proſpect charm'd I ſtood;
Fearleſs I feed on the delicous fare,
And drink, profuſe, ſalvation from the ſilver flood,
Nor can exceſs be there.

In ſacred order rang'd along
Saints, new-releas'd by death,
Join the bold ſeraphs' warbling breath,
And aid th'immortal ſong.
Each has a voice that tunes his ſtrings
To mighty ſounds, and mighty things,
Things of everlaſting weight,
Sounds, like the ſofter viol, ſweet,
And like the trumpet, ſtrong.
Divine attention held my ſoul,
I was all ear!
Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wiſh'd my Bradbury there;
"Could he but hear theſe notes," I ſaid,
"His tuneful ſoul would never bear
"The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
"But burſt the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th'unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my ſoul th'unequal honour ſought,

Again her utmoſt force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the burden of th'unwieldy thought.
Thrice I eſſay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th'immortal name ſtrain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright viſion, and diſſolv'd the dream:
I ſunk at once, and loſt the ſkies:
In vain I ſought the ſcenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around them ſtood my curtains and the night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I ſail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the open day.
Command the globe with wide ſurvey,
Where ants in buſy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

"Are theſe the things (my paſſion cry'd)
"That we call men? Are theſe ally'd
"To the fair worlds of light?
"They have 'ras'd out their Maker's name,
"Graven on their minds with pointed flame,
"In ſtrokes divinely bright.

"Wretches! they hate their native ſkies;
"If an ethereal thought ariſe,
"Or ſpark of virtue ſhine,
"With cruel force, they damp its plumes,
"Choke the young fire with ſenſual fumes,
"With buſineſs, luſt, or wine.

" Lo! how they throng, with panting breath,
" The broad deſcending road
" That leads unerring down to death,
" Nor miſs the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a nobler few
Dare to ſtray upward, and purſue
Th'unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid ſoul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrſis fly,
Each like a riſing ſtar.
Charin I ſaw, and Fidea there,
I ſaw them help each other's flight.
And bleſs them as they go;

They ſoar beyond my labouring ſight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and through the lower ſkies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

Acroſs the road a ſeraph flew,
" Mark (ſaid he) that happy pair,
" Marriage helps devotion there:
" When kindred minds their God purſue,
" They break with double vigour through
" The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleaſure and ſurprize,
My ſoul adores and ſings,
" Bleſs'd be the power that ſprings their flight,
" That ſtreaks their path with heavenly light,
" That turns their love to ſacrifice,
" And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MESSRS. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Deſpiſe the joys that fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Try'd by a ſtandard, bold and juſt,
Honour and gold, and paint and duſt;
How vile the laſt is, and as vain the firſt!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death;
The ſoul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The ſoul! 'tis of th'immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, of earth, or wind,
Outlives the mouldering corpſe, and leaves the globe behind.
In limbs of clay though ſhe appears,
Array'd in roſy ſkin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The fleſh is but the ſoul's diſguiſe,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dreſs ſhe wears.
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

Riſe then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne,
Sits the Creator and the Judge of ſouls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods on.
Swift the approach, and ſolemn is the day,
When this immortal mind,

LYRIC POEMS
Vide Entire Book II. Ode 2. Page 118
Swift flies our autumn doft, our summer's flow'ry
Where wealth's love, pleasure & goodness are gone
Sickness & pain invade the body, and
Death shall uncover all the grave.

Stripp'd of the body's coarſe array,
To endleſs pain, or endleſs joy,
Muſt be at once conſign'd.

Think of the ſands run down to waſte,
We poſſeſs none of all the paſt,
None but the preſent is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting ſun.
See the white minutes, wing'd with haſte;
The NOW that flies may be the laſt;
Seize the ſalvation e'er 'tis paſt,
Nor mourn the bleſſing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A cloſing eye, a gaſping breath,
Shuts up the golden ſcene in death,
And drowns you in deſpair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASSIMIRE, LIB. II. OD. 2, IMITATED.

"Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles," &c.

MARK how it ſnows! how faſt the valley fills!
And the ſweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm ſunbeams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when old age has on your temples ſhed
Her ſilver-froſt, there's no returning ſun;
Swift flies our autumn, ſwift our ſummer's fled,
When youth, and love, and ſpring, and golden joys are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged ſnow,
Stick faſt upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, not the roſy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy grey.

The chaſe of pleaſure is not worth the pains,
While the bright ſands of health run waſting down;
And honour calls you from the ſofter ſcenes,
To ſell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and ſhort, that mortals have,
And one old age diſſolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heav'nly art t'elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's ſacred tears
Bedewing his cold herſe, has liv'd his day:
Thus, Blackbourn, we ſhould leave our names our heirs;
Old time and waning moons ſweep all the reſt away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

THE riſing year beheld the imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a ſteady ſoul
Stands firm on its own baſe, and reigns as wide,
As abſolute; and ſways ten thouſand ſlaves,
Luſts and wild fancies, with a ſovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reaſon's throne,
Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own ſtatutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe,
Dy'd in the people's blood; not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with ſunbeams, and ſet round with ſtars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly ſlumbers, and ſecure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In ſquare battalions, bold to meet th'attacks
Of time and chance, himſelf a numerous hoſt,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveleſs as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleaſure, ſpreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To ſenſual eaſe (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs, whoſe waxen images of ſouls
Are moulded into ſoftneſs); ſtill his mind
Wears its own ſhape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noiſe
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the ſhouts
Of popular applauſe, that empty ſound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or ſpite or envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his tower, and conſcience is his ſhield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition ſwells, my wiſhes ſoar,
This be my kingdom; ſit above the globe,
My riſing ſoul, and dreſs thyſelf around,
And ſhine in virtue's armour; climb the height
Of wiſdom's lofty caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning world.

Yet, once a day, drop down a gentle look
On the great molehill, and, with pitying eye,
Survey the buſy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and buſtling in a thouſand forms
Of ſtrife and toil, to purchaſe wealth and fame,
A bubble or a duſt:—Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyſelf, to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my ſong. Forget the ground,
My generous muſe, and ſit among the ſtars!
There ſing the ſoul that, conſcious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Among theſe dying clods, and bears her ſtate
Juſt to herſelf: how nobly ſhe maintains
Her character; ſuperior to the fleſh,
She wields her paſſions, like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t'obey.

This is the man whom ſtorms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no deſire
To read his ſecret fate: yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn deſtiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful, ſhapes.

He that, unſhrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the firſt wound, may finiſh all the war
With mere courageous ſilence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy ſtrokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though th'Atlantic and the Midland ſeas
With adverſe ſurges meet, and riſe on high
Suſpended 'twixt the winds, then ruſh amain,
Mingled with flames, upon his ſingle head,
And clouds, and ſtars, and thunder, firm he ſtands,

Secure of his beſt life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty caſtle of his mind,
Sublime, looks down, exulting, and ſurveys
The ruins of creation (ſouls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds); a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing lids,
To reach his birthplace, and, without a ſigh,
He bids his batter'd fleſh lie gently down
Among his native rubbiſh; whilſt the ſpirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted gueſt
Of the third heaven, th'unruinable ſky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing ſouls,
No matter whether 'twas a ſharp diſeaſe,
Or a ſharp ſword, that help'd the travellers on,
And puſh'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the ſtormy brine
With ſteady prow; know, we ſhall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliſs,
To which we ever ſteer; whether, as kings,
Of wide command, we've ſpread the ſpacious ſea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cockboat, with a little oar.

There let my native plank ſhift me to land,
And I'll be happy: Thus I'll leap aſhore,
Joyful and fearleſs, on th'immortal coaſt,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it muſt be loſt.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED MR. THOMAS ROWE, THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

CUSTOM, that tyranneſs of fools,
That leads the learned round the ſchools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!

My genius ſtorms her throne:
No more, ye ſlaves, with awe profound,
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round:
Looſe hands, and quit th'inchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.
I hate theſe ſhackles of the mind,
Forg'd by the haughty wife;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Samſon, blind and bound;
But when his native ſtrength he found,
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the ſun,
Only diſſolves the frozen ſnow,
Then bids our thoughts, like rivers flow,
And chooſe the channels where they run.

Thoughts ſhould be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a ſingle mind
Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden ſouls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I ſurvey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the ſolid ground,
Or travel o'er the ſky.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

TO THE REV. MR. BENONI ROWE.

ROWE, if we make the crowd our guide,
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chaſe; and, wandering wide,
We miſs th'immortal good;
Yet, if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,

I'd mark thy ſteps, and tread the ſame:
Dreſs'd in thy notions, I'd appear,
Not like a ſoul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random, and by chance,
Bright reaſon never leads the dance;
While in the broad and beaten way,
O'er dales and hills, from truth we ſtray,
To ruin we deſcend, to ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires, ſhe hates the crowd,
And, with a decent ſcorn,
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy ſeat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar, or the rude,
Have e'er a paſſage worn.

Mere hazard firſt began the track,
Where cuſtom leads her thouſands blind,
In willing chains and ſtrong;
There's ſcarce one bold, one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But, hand in hand, ourſelves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a ſavage herd, and loud
As billows on a noiſy flood,
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the miſchief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear ſublime
To wiſdom's lofty tower;
Thence to ſurvey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bleſs the delivering power.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN HOWE.

GREAT man, permit the muſe to climb,
And ſeat her at thy feet;
Bid her attempt a thought ſublime,
And conſecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th'attractive force
Of thy ſuperior ſoul:
My chariot flies her upward courſe,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow grey in trifling cares,
Or waſte the motions of the ſpheres
Upon delights as vain!
A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow duſt is ſolid good;
Thus, like the aſs of ſavage kind,
We ſnuff the breezes of the wind,
Or ſteal the ſerpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But ſtrike one doleful ſound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our ſouls,
Souls that were fram'd of ſprightly fires,
In floods of folly drown'd!
Souls made of glory ſeek a brutal joy;
How they diſclaim their heavenly birth!
Melt their bright ſubſtance down with droſſy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence,
With elevated ſong,
Bid us renounce this world of ſenſe,
Bid us divide th'immortal prize
With the ſeraphic throng:
"Knowledge and love make ſpirits bleſt,
"Knowledge their food, and love their reſt;
But fleſh, th'unmanageable beaſt,

Reſiſts the pity of thine eyes,
And muſic of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of groveling mind
Round the ſhort joys of earthly kind,
In reſtleſs windings, roam;
Howe hath an ample orb of ſoul,
Where ſhining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impoſe
Upon my better powers:
She caſts ſweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no ſovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found.

Love, the moſt cordial ſtream that flows,
Is a deceitful good;
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin ſtood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden ſands her fancy pav'd the flood;
Then, fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithleſs youth,
As void of goodneſs as of truth,
She plunges in, with heedleſs haſte,
And rears the nether mud:
Darkneſs and nauſeous dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair current, love, with large ſupplies
Of pain to teaze the heart, and ſorrow for the eyes.

The golden bliſs, that charm'd her ſight,
Is daſh'd, and drown'd, and loſt:
A ſpark, or glimmering ſtreak, at moſt,
Shines here and there, amidſt the night,
Amidſt the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the ſad ſurprize,
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the diſappointment wiſe;
And manages with art th'unlucky caſt.
When the lowering frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love ſhe meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her ſovereign beauty bow;
Cheerful, ſhe ſmiles upon the grizly form;
So ſhines the ſetting ſun on adverſe ſkies,
And paints a rainbow on the ſtorm.
Anon, ſhe lets the ſullen humour ſpend,
And with a virtuous book or friend,
Beguiles th'uneaſy hours:
Well colouring every croſs ſhe meets,
With heart ſerene, ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her board with fancy'd ſweets,
And ſtrows her bed with flowers.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, among his travels, found
A broken ſtatue on the ground;
And ſearching onward, as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moſs, and ſhades, had overgrown
The ſculpture of the crumbling ſtone,
Yet e'er he paſs'd, with much ado,
He gueſs'd, and ſpell'd out SCI-PI-O.

"Enough!" he cry'd; "I'll drudge no more
"In turning the dull Stoics o'er;

" Let pedants waſte their hours of eaſe
" To ſweat all night at Socrates ;
" And feed their boys with notes and rules,
" Thoſe tedious recipes of ſchools,
" To cure ambition : I can learn
" With greater eaſe, the great concern
" Of mortals ; how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the ſkies.

" Methinks a mouldering pyramid
" Says all that the old ſages ſaid ;
" For me theſe ſhatter'd tombs contain
" More morals than the Vatican.
" The duſt of heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd, and trampled in the road,
" The relics of a lofty mind,
" That lately wars and crowns deſign'd,
" Toſt for a jeſt from wind to wind,
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall monuments of fame to rear,
" They are but caſtles in the air.
" The towering heights, and frightful falls,
" The ruin'd heaps, and funerals,
" Of ſmoking kingdoms and their kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful things
" In melancholy ſilence.....
" .....He
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An equal, now lies torn and dead ;
" Here his pale trunk, and there his head ;
" Great Pompey ! while I meditate,
" With ſolemn horror, thy ſad fate,
" Thy carcaſe, ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
" Without a name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole library before.

" Lie ſtill, my Plutarah, then, and ſleep,
" And my good Seneca may keep
" Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further uſe for you :

" For when I feel my virtue fail,
" And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a turn among the tombs,
" And ſee whereto all glory comes:
" There the vile foot of every clown
" Tramples the ſons of honour down.
" Beggars with awful aſhes ſport,
" And tread the Cæſars in the dirt."

FREEDOM.

TEMPT me no more. My ſoul can ne'er comport
With the gay ſlaveries of a court;
I've an averſion to thoſe charms,
And hug dear liberty in both my arms.
Go, vaſſal ſouls! go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him, to compoſe his ſtate;
Move as he moves; but when he loiters ſtand:
You're but the ſhadows of a man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of ſound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he ſmiles: But lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

Thus baſe-born minds: but as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong mountain, or ſome ſtately tree,
My ſoul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand, and as I go,
It keeps my body ſo.
No! I can never part with my creation-right;
Let ſlaves and aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it free.

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd,
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell, th'obedient vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the ground;
Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defy'd;
In vain the winds their forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd, the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

ON MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, LEFT IN MS.

THUS reason learns by slow degrees,
What faith reveals; but stills complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd, all at once, on nature's eyes,
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th'almighty One, th'eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;

Scarce could her pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his throne,
And dreſt in glories ſo unknown.
A ranſom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be underſtood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, ſpeak, and ſay,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Coſt thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.
'Twas hard to make ſo rich a ſoul ſubmit,
And lay her ſhining honours at thy ſovereign feet.
Siſter of faith, fair charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he ſees the Godhead Three in one ;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His nobleſt powers in deep proſtration lie
At the myſterious throne.
" Forgive," he cries, " ye ſaints below,
" The wavering and the cold aſſent
" I gave to themes divinely true ;
" Can you admit the bleſſed to repent?
" Eternal darkneſs veil the lines
" Of that unhappy book,
" Where glimmering reaſon with falſe luſtre ſhines,
" Where the mortal pen miſtook
" What the celeſtial meant ?"

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do ;
'Tis enough that I can ſay,
I've poſſeſs'd myſelf to-day :
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my fleſh, and ſtop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt part of me.

Glittering ſtones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my ſpacious ſoul,
And ſurvey myſelf a whole,
And enjoy myſelf alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within,
That the world hath never ſeen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeful grows;
On the ſame young flowery tree
All the ſeaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the ſight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into ſolid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch repaſt.
Here, in a green and ſhady grove,
Streams of pleaſure mix with love:
There, beneath the ſmiling ſkies,
Hills of contemplation riſe;
Now upon ſome ſhining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endleſs beauties more
Earth hath no reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the ſoul;

'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treaſures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru ;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the watry ſtage
Cannot coaſt it in an age ;
Harts, or horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand days and more.

Yet the ſilly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coaſting round the narrow ſhores,
Narrow ſhores of fleſh and ſenſe,
Picking ſhells and pebbles thence :
Or ſhe ſits at fancy's door,
Calling ſhapes and ſhadows to her,
Foreign viſits ſtill receiving,
And t'herſelf a ſtranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian duſt, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native ſtore ;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing :
Through riſing deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wonderous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day ;
Nor ‡ Rapin give her rules to fly, nor † Purcell notes to ſing.

‡ A French critic. † An Engliſh maſter of muſic.

She nor enquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th'ingulfing
sand:
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray,
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep,
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly
dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own rout, and, unconfin'd,
Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars
behind.
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critic's iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells: The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wondering sense, and draw our souls
along.

Behold his muſe ſent out t'explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and ſeraphs overthrown,
Where his adventurous genius led:
Sovereign, ſhe fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verſe ſublime,
A monument too high for coupled ſounds to climb.
He mourn'd the Garden loſt below;
(Earth is the ſcene for tuneful woe)
Now bliſs beats high in all his veins,
Now the loſt Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd ſtrains.

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael ſings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All heaven ſits ſilent, while to his ſovereign ſtrings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite, his untaught fingers rove
Acroſs the golden lyre:
From every note devotion ſprings,
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erſpread the liſtening choir.

THE COMPLAINT.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

'TWAS in a vale where oſiers grow,
By murmuring ſtreams, we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews ariſe,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still ſickening, and decaying ſtill,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipſe his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obſcur'd his gold
Behind her ſable wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the day,
The flowery vales in mourning lay,
In mourning ſtood the hills.

Such are our ſorrows, Clark, I cry'd,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd ſouls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Diſtemp'ring fogs have clim'd the ſpheres
And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty ſhade,
New-brightening all the ſkies:
But ſay, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipſe be gone,
Or when our ſuns ariſe?

In vain are potent herbs apply'd,
Harmonious ſounds in vain have try'd
To make the darkneſs fly:
But drugs would raiſe the dead as ſoon,
Or clattering braſs relieve the moon,
When fainting in the ſky.

Some friendly ſpirit from above,
Born of the night, and nurſt with love,
Aſſiſt our feebler fires:
Force theſe invading glooms away;
Souls ſhould be ſeen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs muſt damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, diſſolve our frame,
Releaſe the priſoner-mind:
Our ſouls ſhall mount, at thy diſcharge,
To their bright ſource, and ſhine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND.

NOW let my cares all buried lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your ſorrows ſwell my heart ſo high,
They leave my own no room.

Sickneſs and pains are quite forgot,
The ſpleen itſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your woes, I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts ſenſe to flight,
And all the ſoul invades:
So the broad gloom of ſpreading night
Devours the evening ſhades.

Thus am I born to be unbleſt!
This ſympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breaſt
T'admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long ſucceſſion reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendſhip has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the priſoner ſtill.

Why was this life for miſery made?
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

Move faſter on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness and death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE:

OR, THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And, smiling, thus she said:

Were kindred spirits born for cares?
Must every grief be mine?
Is there a sympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuse to join?

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same;
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vain delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

Riſe glorious every future ſun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the laſt dear moment known
By well diſtinguiſh'd rays.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

TO THE RT. HON. JOHN LORD CUTTS, AT THE SIEGE OF FAMUR.

"O WHY is man ſo thoughtleſs grown?
"Why guilty ſouls in haſte to die?
"Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
"Heedleſs to arms and blood they fly.

"Are lives but worth a ſoldier's pay?
"Why will ye join ſuch wide extremes,
"And ſtake immortal ſouls, in play
"At deſperate chance, and bloody games?

"Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
"Whoſe pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
"Calmly ſhe meets the deadly ſhot!
"Secure of life above the ſtars.

"But frenzy dares eternal fate,
"And, ſpurr'd with honour's airy dreams,
"Flies to attack th'infernal gate,
"And force a paſſage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly love, in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraſo felt the moving ſtrains,
And vow'd to pray before the ſtorm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries;
Then ſwears by heaven, and ſcales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, deſpairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF OVID, MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.

I JUDGE the muſe of lewd deſire;
Her ſons to darkneſs, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting ſtrain, now with a heavenly flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Thoſe gaudy tinders of a lawleſs love.
So harlots dreſs: They can appear
Sweet, modeſt, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging ſin.

Die, Flora, die in endleſs ſhame,
Thou proſtitute of blackeſt fame,
Stript of thy falſe array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern luſt, who gild our ſcenes,
Poiſon the Britiſh ſtage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your miſtreſs to the dead; [ſhade.
When Flora dies, her imps ſhall wait upon her

Strephon ‡, of noble blood and mind,
(For ever ſhine his name!)
As death approach'd, his ſoul refin'd,
And gave his looſer ſonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn," he cry'd with ſacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
"Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
"So vile the muſe, and yet the man forgiven!)
"Burn on, my ſongs: For not the ſilver Thames
"Nor Tyber, with his yellow ſtreams,
"In endleſs currents rolling to the main,
"Can e'er dilute the poiſon, or waſh out the ſtain."

So, Moſes, by divine command,
Forbad the leprous houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal ſpot was grown;
"Break down the timber, and dig up the ſtone."

‡ Earl of Rocheſter.

AGAINST TEARS.

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

MADAM, perſuade me tears are good
To waſh our mortal cares away:
Theſe eyes ſhall weep a ſudden flood,
And ſtream into a briny ſea.

Or if theſe orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some ſtar direct me where to buy
One ſovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor ſhall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new ſorrow ſprings,
As weeds in rainy ſeaſons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miſeries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in ſeas of grief.

Then let theſe uſeleſs ſtreams be ſtaid,
Wear native courage on your face:
Theſe vulgar things were never made
For ſouls of a ſuperior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thouſand foes your ſteps ſurround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardeſt fight is higheſt crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares?

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into thy chains,
As cuſtom leads the way:
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And ſheets of lightning dreſs the bed
T'improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like Stoic ſouls,
With oſiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:

As well may heavenly concerts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
  Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
  The rugged and the keen;
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
  With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
  For Love abhors the ſight:
Looſe the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
  Riſe and forbid delight.

  Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet,
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
  And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
  And Cupids yoke the doves.

AN EPISTLE.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

LET uſeleſs ſouls to woods retreat;
Polhill ſhould leave a country ſeat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent ‖, nor Suſſex ‖, ſhould have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counſels and to arms.

Lævis by fawning ſlaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a † baſe-born lord;
Awake your cares! awake your ſword!

‖ His country-ſeat and dwelling.
† The Pretender, proclaimed king in France.

Factions amongſt the ‡ Britons riſe,
And warring tongues, and wild ſurmiſe,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Reſolv'd, "'tis of diviner weight,
"To ſave the ſteeple than the ſtate."

The bold § machine is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the conſcience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandſire ſhades, with jealous eye,
Frown down to ſee their offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their country die.

If † Trevia fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the Gaul, with ſpear in hand,
At leaſt petition for || the land.

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY

OF THE POLES OVER OSMAN, THE TURKISH EMPEROR, IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

Tranſlated from Caſimire, B. iv. Od. 4.
With large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the ſtrong,
Cheerful in years (nor of th'heroic muſe
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair poſſeſſions
Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy ſprings
Smil'd on his ſeed, and ſeventy harveſt-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he reſum'd the toil; and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In graſſy furrows, the torn earth diſclos'd
Helmets, and ſwords (bright furniture of war

‡ The parliament. § The bill againſt occaſional conformity.
† Mrs. Polhill, of the family of Lord Trevor.
|| Mr. Polhill was one of thoſe five zealous gentlemen who preſented the famous Kentiſh petition to the parliament, in the reign of king William, to haſten their ſupplies in order to ſupport the king in his war with France.

Sleeping in ruſt) and heaps of mighty bones.
The ſun deſcending to the weſtern deep
Bid him lie down and reſt; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon ſong.
Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove ſecure,
Or feed beſide me; taſte the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the ſweet herb,
And graze in ſafety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his ſpear, and breathes; yet ſtill his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old ſoldier, ſay,
How fair a harveſt of the ſlaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vaſt deſtruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes! Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs hills,
And coats of ſcaly ſteel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd, and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore (for when a boy,
I was their captive and remind their dreſs:)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In auguſt port and regular array,
Led on to conqueſt: here the Turkiſh chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out freſh troops perpetual, dreſt in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in ſpangled pride.
O the dire image of the bloody fight
Theſe eyes have ſeen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian ſpears; when poliſh'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick againſt the ſun
Reſtoring all his beams! but frowning war,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempeſt, ſtood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.
The ſtorm of miſſive ſteel delay'd awhile
By wiſe command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And ſcymiter and ſabre bore the ſheath
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulphurous fire.

Then banners waved, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins anſwer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hiſſing death: with adverſe rage
The crooked faulchions met; and hideous noiſe
From claſhing ſhields, thro' the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thouſand iron ſtorms
Roar diverſe: and in harſh confuſion drown
The trumpet's ſilver ſound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen ſtores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Laſh with ſuch madneſs the Norwegian plains,
Or ſo torment the ear. Scarce ſounds ſo far
The direful fragor, when ſome ſouthern blaſt
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The maſſy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous craſh, rolls down the rugged cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th'afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills;
Such was the noiſe of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the ſky.
Uproar, revenge, and rage and hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame, and blood,
And ſweat, and duſt, array the broad campaign
In horror: haſty feet, and ſparkling eyes,
And all the ſavage paſſions of the ſoul,
Engage in the warm buſineſs of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight; and breaſts in cloſe embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of death.
Here words auſtere, of perilous command,
And valour ſwift t'obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to ſee, and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more ſurpriſing brightneſs
Than glittering helms or ſpears. What loud applauſe,
(Beſt meed of warlike toil) what manly ſhouts,

And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And ſudden wrath dies into endleſs ſame.
Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful tho' with leſſer wings.
But what the Dahets or the coward ſoul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of baſe Cilicians 'ſcaping from the ſlaughter,
Of Parthian beaſts, with all their racing riders,
Of the purſuing foe? Th'impetuous Poles
Ruſh here, and here the Lithuanian horſe
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the ſky
On ſounding wheels; or as ſome mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful ſteep
Precipitant, and bears along the ſtream,
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty foreſts headlong to the plain.
The bold Boruſſian, ſmoking from afar,
Moves like a tempeſt in a duſky cloud,
And imitates th'artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing ſcene!
What ſhowers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burſt from the darkneſs! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal ſtorm,
From hoſtile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted boſoms tempt the edge of war,
And ruſh on the ſharp point; while baleful miſchiefs
Deaths, and bright dangers, flew acroſs the field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand ſouls
Fled murmuring thro' their wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 'twas unſafe to come within the wind
Of Ruſſian banners, when with whizzing ſound,
Eager of glory, and profuſe of life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkiſh moons
Wander'd in diſarray. A dark eclipſe
Hung on the ſilver creſcent, boding night,
Long night, to all her ſons: at length diſrob'd
The ſtandards fell: the barb'rous enſigns, torn,

Fled with the wind, the ſport of angry heaven;
And a large cloud of Infantry and horſe,
Scattering in wild diſorder, ſpread the plain.
Not noiſe, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built ſize prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole foreſts fall
(A ſpacious ruin) by one ſingle axe,
And ſteel well ſharpen'd: ſo a generous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thouſand doves.
Vaſt was the ſlaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimſon. Veteran bands
Here made their laſt campaign. Here haughty chiefs,
Stretch'd on the purple bed of honour, lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppreſs'd with iron ſlumbers, and long night.
Their ghoſts, indignant, to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their ſide
Some faithful Janizaries ſtrew'd the field,
Fell'n in juſt ranks or wedges, lunes or ſquares,
Firm as they ſtood; to the Warſovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad ſabre and keen poleaxe flew
With ſpeedy terror through the feebler herd,
And made rude havock and irregular ſpoil
Amongſt the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In ſwift affright, a thouſand different ways,
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains,
Bellowing; yet haſty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Poliſh hunters clave the timorous deer.
Thus the dire proſpect diſtant fill'd my ſoul
With awe; till the laſt relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unſeemly to the ſight, nor to the ſmell
Grateful. What loads of mangled fleſh and limbs,
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore,
Lay weltering on the ground; while flitting life

Convuls'd the nerves ſtill ſhivering, nor had loſt
All taſte of pain! Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and ſcars, and groans aloud,
Torn with freſh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the ſoul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature to ſuſtain
Long torment: his wild eyeballs roll: his teeth,
Gnaſhing with anguiſh, chide his lingering fate.
Emblazon'd armour ſpoke his high command
Amongſt the neighbouring dead; they round their lord
Lay proſtrate; ſome in flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the ſkies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave and proud to die ſo near their prince.
I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths, of richeſt Ott'man blood,
Extended on the field: in friendſhip join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both:
Both faithful; drown'd in ſhowers of darts they fell,
Each with his ſhield ſpread o'er his lover's heart
In vain: for on thoſe orbs of friendly braſs
Stood groves of javelins; ſome, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely boſoms
Made painful avenus for cruel death.
O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when ſtrong compaſſion
Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a ſacrifice to hoſtile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the ſigh that wiſh'd the ſouls
Of thoſe fair Infidels ſome humble place
Among the bleſt. "Sleep, ſleep, ye hapleſs pair,
Gently I cried, "worthy of better fate,
"And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
Of Saracen deſcent, a griſly form,
Breathleſs, yet pride ſat pale upon his front
In diſappointment, with a ſurly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws,
Foaming with blood, bite hard the Polish ſpear:

Designed by J. Thurston
Engraved by W. Wate
POEMS.
ce on the naked ground all cold he lies
neath the damp wide covering of the sa
Forgetful of his word.

In that dead viſage my remembrance reads
Raſh Caraccas: in vain the boaſting ſlave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the ſultan, threat'ning fierce,
With royal ſuppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warſovian ſilk and gold; 210
See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Inſulting hopes! with what an awful ſmile
Laughs at the proud, that looſen all the reins 215
To their unbounded wiſhes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a ſhameful end!
But whither am I borne! this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs bulls a ſong
That generous horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my
ſong; 220
My barb'rous muſe, be ſtill: immortal deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtic verſe:
The martial trumpet, and the following age
And growing fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the fight
In ſounds of glory. Lo, the evening ſtar
Shines o'er the weſtern hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known ſtar invites the labourer home. 227

TO MR. HENRY BENDYSH.

Dear Sir,

THE following ſong was your's, when firſt compoſed; the muſe then deſcribed the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill-match'd; and now ſhe rejoices that you have eſcaped the common miſchief, and that your ſoul has found its own mate. Let this ode, then, congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeneſs and love: Perſevere, and be happy.

I perſuade myſelf you will accept from the preſs what the pen more privately inſcribed to you, long ago; and I am in no pain leſt you ſhould take offence at the fabulous dreſs of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be ſcandalized at it, if they would give themſelves leave to reflect how many divine truths are ſpoken by the holy writers in viſions and images, parables and dreams. Nor are my wiſer friends aſhamed to defend it, ſince the narrative is grave, and the moral ſo juſt and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY ſhould our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's ſilken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendyſh, 'tis ſtrange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, ſhould leave their minds
At ſuch a looſe from love.

In vain I ſought the wond'rous cauſe,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the ſchools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breaſt
My ſoul retir'd, and ſlumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive ſcene.

O'er the broad lands, and croſs the tide,
On fancy's airy horſe I ride,
(Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I ſtood,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

Hard by, a venerable prieſt,
Riſen with his god, the ſun, from reſt,
Awoke his morning ſong;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring ſtream;
The birth of ſouls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

He ſang "th'eternal rolling flame,
"The vital maſs, that, ſtill the ſame,
"Does all our minds compoſe:
"But ſhaped in twice ten thouſand frames:
"Thence differing ſouls of differing names,
"And jarring tempers, roſe.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
"One mould for every two deſign'd,
"And bleſs'd the new-born pair:
"This be a match for this (he ſaid):
"Then down he ſent the ſouls he made,
"To ſeek them bodies here:

" But parting from their warm abode
" They loft their fellows on the road,
" And never join'd their hands.
" Ah cruel chance, and crofling fates!
" Our eaftern fouls have dropp'd their mates
" On Europe's barb'rous lands.

" Happy the youth that finds his bride
" Whofe birth is to his own ally'd,
" The fweeteft joy of life:
" But oh the crowds of wretched fouls
" Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
" And chain'd t'eternal ftrife!"

Thus fang the wondrous Indian bard;
My foul with vaft attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
" Sure then (I cry'd) might I but fee
" That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

" Some courteous angel tell me where,
" What diftant lands this unknown fair,
" Or diftant feas detain?
" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet, and mingle fouls,
" And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light is Myron's foul,
And active as the fun, yet fteady as the pole:
In manly beauty fhines his face;
Every muſe, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their ſeat;
His heart profufely good, his tongue divinely fweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood fcarce begun!
Behold the race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won! [prize;
Nor Jove denies the merit, nor with-holds the

Her ſilver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barb'rous ſongs, pronounce the Britiſh hero's name.
"Airy bliſs (the hero cry'd)
"May feed the tympany of pride;
"But healthy ſouls were never found
"To live on emptineſs and ſound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Bleſſings with laviſh hand ſhe pours,
Gather'd from the Indian coaſt;
Not Danae's lap could equal treaſures boaſt,
When Jove came down in golden ſhowers.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high diſdain I heard him ſay,
"Bliſs is not made of glittering clay."

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With 'ſcutcheons, arms, and enſigns ſpread;
Gay magnificence and ſtate,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And ſlaves and endleſs order round his table wait.
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with moſt impatient zeal,
With ſwift ambition ſeize th'unfiniſh'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropp'd a tear, and pity'd kings,
Then, flying from the noiſy throng,
Seeks the diverſion of a ſong.

Muſic, deſcending on a ſilent cloud,
Tun'd all her ſtrings, with endleſs art;
By ſlow degrees from ſoft to loud

Changing ſhe roſe: the harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to ſalute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and ſcenes of lawleſs love
Each with utmoſt luxury ſtrove
To treat their favourite beſt;
But founding ſtrings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawleſs love, in vain combine
To make his virtue ſleep, or lull his ſoul to reſt.

He ſaw the tedious round, and, with a ſigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
" In crowds of pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful ſolitude of mind.
" A vacancy within, which ſenſe can ne'er ſupply.
" Hence, and be gone, ye flattering ſnares,
" Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
" Ye unperforming promiſers!
" Be all my baſer paſſions dead,
" And baſe deſires, by nature made
" For animals and boys:
" Man has a reliſh more refin'd,
" Souls are for ſocial bliſs deſign'd,
" Give me a bleſſing fit to match my mind.
" A kindred ſoul to double and to ſhare my joys."
Myrrha appear'd: " Serene her ſoul,
" And active as the ſun, yet ſteady as the pole
" In ſofter beauties ſhone her face;
" Every muſe and every grace,
" Made her heart and tongue their ſeat,
" Her heart profuſely good, her tongue divinely ſweet:
His heart recoil'd with ſweet ſurpriſe,
With joys unknown before:
His ſoul diſſolv'd in pleaſing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
" Enough (th'impatient hero cries)
" And ſeiz'd her to his breaſt,
" I ſeek no more below the ſkies,
" I give my ſlaves the reſt."

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

Sir,

WHEN you put this ſatire into my hand, you gave me the occaſion of employing my pen to anſwer ſo deteſtable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the intereſt of his majeſty, your counſels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And ſince you provoked me to write, you will accept thoſe efforts of my loyalty to the beſt of kings, addreſſed to one of the moſt zealous of his ſubjects, by, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

I. W.

AN ANSWER

TO AN INFAMOUS SATIRE, CALLED, "ADVICE TO A PAINTER;"

Written by an anonymous Author, againſt King William III. *Of glorious Memory.*

PART I.

AND muſt the hero, that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and ſcandal ſtand?
The man of wondrous ſoul, that ſcorn'd his eaſe,
Tempting the winters, and the faithleſs ſeas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Iriſh knife,
And cruſh the French dragoon? Muſt William's name
That brighteſt ſtar that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the juſt,
Adorn theſe gloomy ſcenes of tyranny and luſt?
Polhill, my blood boils high, my ſpirits flame;
Can your zeal ſleep! Or are your paſſions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkneſs on the Poet's name?
Why ſmoke the ſkies not? Why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blaſt his guilty ſoul?
Audacious wretch, to ſtab a monarch's fame,
And fire his ſubjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black deſigns,
To draw our guardian's face in helliſh lines.

Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angel's, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.
O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain;
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance thro' the red campaign.
Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there, like a rock, he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping, whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own:
But heaven secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.
Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies, with joyful lustre, smile!
Then imitate the glory; on the strand
Spread half the nation longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace: and may they blow
With flowery blessings ever on his brow.
At his right-hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands.....
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,

And bleſs the piece; theſe ſtatutes are you own,
That ſway the cottage and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the ſame.
Let liberty, and right, with plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the reſt her ſtarry pinions ſpread.
Religion guards him; round th'imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mien;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The juſt, the bold, the temperate, and the wiſe
Dwell in his looks; majeſtic, but ſerene;
Sweet, with no fondneſs; cheerful, but not vain:
Bright, without terror; great, without diſdain.
His ſoul inſpires us, what his lips command,
And ſpreads his brave example through the land;
Not ſo the former reigns;.....
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treaſures of his ſacred breaſt
Are too divine, too vaſt to be expreſs'd:
Colours muſt fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now, muſe, purſue the ſatiriſt again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the ſervile painter draw,
In monſtrous ſhapes, the patron of our law;
At one ſlight daſh he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honeſty and fame;
This ſcribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots ſudden bolts promiſcuous at the baſe and brave,
And with unpardonable malice ſheds
Poiſon and ſpite on undiſtinguiſh'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw firſt this poet, like ſome baleful ſtar,
With ſilent influence ſhedding civil war;

Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague, and then the pain describe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest'd, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

TO THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Cosmive, B. iv. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety:
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys:
Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a longing in our breast:
She finds or frames vexations still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel.

We take ſtrange pleaſure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Aſſume the load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th'imaginary weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at ſtrife,
While the moſt conſtant ſcenes of life
From peeviſh humours are not free;
Still we affect variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of this circling ſun,
And vex that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old track, and ſtill, and ſtill
Riſe red beyond yon eaſtern hill,
And chide the moon that darts her light
Through the ſame caſement every night.
We ſhift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit ſaint!
She lothes her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: ſhe is hurry'd ſtill,
'Twixt her wild paſſions and her will:
Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er ſhe roves,
By purling ſtreams, and ſilent groves,
Or with her furies or her loves.
Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air;
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Silvia, mount the whirling ſky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain; if this diſeaſed mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind.
Faithful diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's ſide,

Over the defert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying fails.
Happy the foul that virtue fhows
To fix the place of her repofe,
Needlefs to move; for fhe can dwell
In her old grandfire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But fweetly hides herfelf at home.
And eafy on a native throne
Of humble turf fits gently down.
Yet fhould tumultuous ftorms arife,
And mingle earth, and feas, and fkies,
Should the waves fwell, and make her roll
Acrofs the line, or near the pole,
Still fhe's at peace; for well fhe knows
To launch the ftream that duty fhews,
And makes her home where-e'er fhe goes.
Bear her, ye feas, upon your breaft,
Or waft her, winds, from eaft to weft
On the foft air; fhe cannot find
A couch fo eafy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half fo kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(Afterwards Sir John Hartopp, Bart.)

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. ODE 4. IMITATED.

"Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ," &c.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the fun look down and fay,
"Inglorious here he lies;"
Shake off your eafe, and fend you name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth's a foft fcene, but truft her not;
Her airy minutes, fwift as thought,
Slide off the flippery fphere;

Moons with their months make haſty rounds,
The ſun has paſs'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dreſs in green and red,
And gird her waiſt with flowing gold,
Knit bluſhing roſes round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering roſe,
And the pale gold how dim it ſhews!

Bright and laſting bliſs below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celeſtial flow
In an eternal ſtream,
The pleaſures that the ſmiling day
With large right-hand beſtows,
Falſely her left conveys away,
And ſhuffles in our woes.
So have I ſeen a mother play,
And cheat her ſilly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal ſtate,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery joy, now ſullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harneſs'd hours and minutes ſtrive,
And days with ſtretching pinions drive
Down fiercely on the goal.

Not half ſo faſt the galley flies
O'er the Venetian ſea,
When ſails, and oars, and labouring ſkies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their neſt
And grow for future years.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

CASIMIRE, BOOK IV. ODE 12, IMITATED.

"Quid me latentem," &c.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.
Yet they will urge, "This private life
"Can never make you blest'd,
"And twenty doors are still at strife
"T'engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay.
Since a diviner service waits
T'employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well, to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day hastening ('tis an awful day!)
When the great sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on that wide stage of clay:

Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous ſeat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be happy, though unknown,
Nor heed the gazing rabble, nor the ſhouting ſtreet.

I hate the glory, friend, that ſprings
From the vulgar breath and empty ſound;
Fame mounts her upward with a favouring gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy ſhoots and fame receives the wound:
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls, and ſtrikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs,
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame;
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet obſcurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or if ſociety be due
To keep our taſte of pleaſure new,
Gunſton, I'd live and die with you,
For both our ſouls are one.

Here we could ſit and paſs the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining things,
Their toys of ſtate and images of power.
Virtue ſhould dwell within our ſeat,
Virtue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is herſelf ſecure, but in a cloſe retreat,
While ſhe withdraws from public praiſe,
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,
Envy itſelf would innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil:
But if ſhe once advance to light,
Her charms are loſt in envy's ſight,
And virtue ſtands the mark of univerſal ſpite.

THE DISDAIN.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.
(Afterwards Sir John Hartopp, Bart.)

HARTOPP, I love the ſoul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
  Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the ſtars, and ſmile divine
  Upon an heir ſo great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild ſcenes of buſy life,
The noiſe, th'amuſements, and the ſtrife,
Are but the viſions of the night,
Gay fantoms of deluſive light,
  Or a vexatious dream.

Fleſh is the vileſt and the leaſt
  Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beaſt,
  Or quit the manly name.
Pleaſures of ſenſe we leave for boys;
Be ſhining duſt the miſer's food;
Let fancy feed on fame and noiſe,
Souls muſt purſue diviner joys,
  And ſeize th'immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there ſhould be any mortifying lines in the following poems inſcribed to you, ſo ſoon after your entrance into that ſtate which was deſigned for the completeſt happineſs on earth: but you will quickly diſcover, that the muſe in the firſt poem only repreſents the ſhades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love, and the ſocial life. In the ſecond, perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and things ſet in a due light, I hope there is no ground for cenſure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of

the moſt important concerns of human nature in verſe, and that with a ſolemnity becoming the argument. I have baniſhed grimace and ridicule, that perſons of the moſt ſerious character may read without offence. What was written ſeveral years ago to yourſelf, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may aſſume it to yourſelf as a private entertainment ſtill, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy: this globe the ſtage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ſtrong machines,
Gay fields, and ſkies, and ſeas: the actors many:
The plot immenſe: a flight of Demons ſit
On every ſailing cloud with fatal purpoſe;
And ſhoot acroſs the ſcenes ten thouſand arrows
Perpetual and unſeen, headed with pain,
With ſorrow, infamy, diſeaſe, and death.
The pointed plagues fly ſilent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet ſure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wiſhes an aſſociate. Lo! ſhe glides
Single through all the ſtorm, and more ſecure;
Leſs are her dangers, and her breaſt receives
The feweſt darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
"My ſiſter, once my friend (Dianthe cries)
"How much art thou expoſed! Thy growing ſoul
"Doubled in wedlock, multiply'd in children,
"Stands but the broader mark for all the miſchiefs
"That rove promiſcuous o'er the mortal ſtage:
"Children, thoſe dear young limbs, thoſe tenderceſt pieces
"Of your own fleſh, thoſe little other ſelves,
"How they dilate the heart to wide dimenſions,
"And ſoften every fibre to improve
"The mother's ſad capacity of pain!
"I mourn Fidelio too; though heaven has choſe
"A favourite mate for him, of all her ſex
"The pride and flower: how bleſt the lovely pair,
"Beyond expreſſion, if well-mingled loves

" And woes well mingled could improve our bliss!
" Amidst the rugged cares of life, behold
" The father and the husband; flattering names,
" That spread his title, and enlarge his share
" Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his joys, but every hour
" Renews the disappointment and the smart.
" There's not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
" Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
" Sweeet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
" Strange is thy power, O love! what numerous veins,
" And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
" Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
" By strong but secret strings! With vain attempt
" We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
" To break the ties of nature and of blood;
" Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
" Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
" Reciprocal give endless sympathy
" In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
" Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
" These avenues of love to reach our souls,
" And pain had never found them!"
Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnia came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipp'd in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sate on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: But thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds: They lodge too near the heart,

Beat, like the pulſe, perpetual, and create
A ſtrange uneaſy ſenſe, a tempting pain.
Say, my companion, Mitio, ſpeak ſincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous riſe,
If but the abſence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly ſmiles
The cheerful ſun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: the region of thy ſoul
Is darkneſs till thy better ſtar appears.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to ſuſtain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Reſtleſs on fond enquiry, nor believes
Chariſſa ſafe: Chariſſa, in whoſe life
Thy life conſiſts, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and ſurmiſe put on a thouſand forms
Of dear diſquietude, and round thine ears
Whiſper ten thouſand dangers, endleſs woes,
Till thy frame ſhudders at her fancy'd death;
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak, does the ſtranger muſe
Caſt happy gueſſes at the unknown paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys ſincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they bury'd here
In friendſhip and oblivion; leſt they ſpoil
Thy new-born pleaſures with diſtaſteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful proſpect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offſpring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in ſad ſucceſſion, while his ſoul
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.
But if his deareſt half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To cloſe his ſwimming eyes, what double pangs,

What racks, what twinges rend his heartſtrings off
From the fair boſom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting ſoul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppreſſion, and the herd
Of ſavage men? ſo parts the dying turtle
With ſobbing accents, with ſuch ſad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in loneſome ſhades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a ſpeedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks, athirſt for blood.....

THE SECOND PART:

OR, THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far the muſe, in unaccuſtom'd mood,
And ſtrains unpleaſing to a lover's ear
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus ſhe ſang
Partial; for melancholy's hated form
Stood by in fable robe: the penſive muſe
Survey'd the darkſome ſcenes of life, and ſought
Some bright relieving glimpſe, ſome cordial ray
In the fair world of love: but while ſhe gaz'd
Delightful on the ſtate of twinborn ſouls
United, bleſs'd, the cruel ſhade apply'd
A dark long tube, and a falſe tinctur'd glaſs
Deceitful; blending love and life at once
In darkneſs, chaos, and the common maſs
Of miſery: now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the ſullen form, and lo
The ſcene ſhines bright with bliſs: behold the place
Where miſchiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguiſh, nor diſeaſe,
Nor malice forky-tongued. On this dear ſpot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy ſtation
To act thy part of life, ſerene and bleſs'd
With the fair conſort fitted to thy heart.
Sure 'tis a viſion of that happy grove

Where the firſt authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in ſweet partnerſhip! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the taſted bliſs (imprudent pair!)
For ſin, and ſhame, and this waſte wilderneſs
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wiſhing muſe new dreſſes the fair garden
Amid this deſert world, with budding bliſs,
And evergreens, and balms, and flowery beauties
Without one dangerous tree: the heavenly dews
Nightly deſcending ſhall impearl the graſs
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the ſpires: the ſpicy vapours
Riſe with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking ſenſes with perfume:
While vital fruits, with their ambroſial juice,
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the ſtructure of your clay.
On this new paradiſe the cloudleſs ſkies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the lamp of day
(With flames unſully'd as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) meaſures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon,
In milder rays ſerene, ſhould nightly riſe
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge
So fair an emblem) big with ſilver joys
And ſtill forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praiſe on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, ſhall join your wor-
ſhip,
Join your ſweet veſpers and the morning ſong.
O ſacred ſymphony! Hark, through the grove
I hear the ſound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecſtaſy; unknown delight!
And the fair muſe proclaims the heaven below.
Not the ſeraphic minds of high degree
Diſdain converſe with men; again returning
I ſee th'ethereal hoſt on downward wing.
Lo, at the eaſtern gate young cherubs ſtand,
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,

Go taſte their banquet, learn the nobler pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael ſhall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliſs. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th'affairs
Of heaven: (So Milton ſings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miſs'd his eyes, when, in ſublimeſt ſtrain,
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's ſons, high favour'd.) Thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial leſſons from his awful tongue;
And with ſoft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digreſſion) all his words rehearſe
To thy Chariſſa's ear, and charm her ſoul.
Thus, with divine diſcourſe, in ſhady bowers
Of Eden, our firſt father entertain'd
Eve, his ſole auditreſs; and deep diſpute
With conjugal careſſes on her lip
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt thoughts reveal'd.
Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear aſſociates ſeated low
On humble turf, with roſe and myrtle ſtrew'd;
But high their conference: how ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories: arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendours unſufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abaſement deep they fall
Before his ſovereign Majeſty, to pay
Due worſhip: then his mercy on their ſouls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but ſovereign ſtill;
And leads their meditation and diſcourſe
Long ages backward, and acroſs the ſeas
To Bethlehem of Judah: there the Son,
The filial Godhead, character expreſs
Of brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made deſcent to earth:
Sprung from the ſons of Adam, he became
A ſecond Father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt paradiſe for men, and purchaſe heaven.
The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus

Promiſcuous talk'd, and queſtions intricate
His manly judgment ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of incarnate love,
'Till rapture wak'd her voice to ſofteſt ſtrains.
She ſang "the infant God; (myſterious theme!)
"How vile his birthplace, and his cradle vile!
"The ox and aſs his mean companions; there,
"In habit vile, the ſhepherds flock around,
"Saluting the great mother, and adore
"Iſrael's anointed King, th'appointed heir
"Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
"Beneath his regal ſtate; for thee, my Mitio,
"Debas'd in ſervile form; but angels ſtood
"Miniſtering round their charge with folded wings
"Obſequious, though unſeen; while lightſome hours
"Fulfill'd the day, and the grey evening roſe.
"Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
"Wakeful all night, drive the foul ſpirits far,
"And with their fanning pinions purge the air
"From buſy fantoms, from infectious damps,
"And impure taint; while their ambroſial plumes
"A dewy ſlumber on his ſenſes ſhed.
"Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers ſung
"Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding ſhades,
"And kept the darkneſs chaſte and holy. Then
"Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
"Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
"Behold the glooms diſperſe, the roſy morn
"Smiles in the eaſt with eyelids op'ning fair,
"But not ſo fair as thine; O I could fold thee,
"My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
"For ever in theſe arms! For ever dwell
"Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
"And every pulſe ſhould beat ſeraphic love!
"Around my ſeat ſhould crowding cherubs come
"With ſwift ambition, zealous to attend
"Their prince, and form a heaven below the ſky.
"Forbear, Chariſſa, O forbear the thought
"Of female fondneſs, and forgive the man

" That interrupts ſuch melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay juſt worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the careſſes of her ſofter ſex;
(Vain blandiſhment!) " Come, turn thine eyes aſide
" From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful ſteep
" Of bloody Calvary, where naked ſkulls
" Pave the ſad road, and fright the traveller.
" Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
" Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill,
" Hard burden'd? Can thy heart attend his croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy ſins and mine
" (Horrible load!) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce anguiſh of his ſoul expires.
" Adoring angels pry, with bending head,
" Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
" This infinite deſign. Here peace is made
" 'Twixt God the ſovereign, and the rebel man:
" Here Satan, overthrown with all his hoſts,
" In ſecond ruin, rages and deſpairs;
" Malice itſelf deſpairs. The captive prey,
" Long held in ſlavery, hopes a ſweet releaſe,
" And Adam's ruin'd offſpring ſhall revive,
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy jaws of death."
The fair diſciple heard; her paſſions move
Harmonious to the great diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd devotion: while new ſmiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the cov'nant of eternal life
Brought down to men; ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In heaven; and ſeal'd on earth with God's own blood.
Here they unite their names again, and ſign
Thoſe peaceful articles. (Hail, bleſs'd coheirs
Celeſtial? Ye ſhall grow to manly age,
And, ſpite of earth and hell, in ſeaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair inheritance above.)

With joyous admiration they ſurvey
The goſpel treaſures, infinite, unſeen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: Riches divine
And honours which the almighty Father, God,
Pour'd with immenſe profuſion on his Son,
High treaſurer of heaven. The Son beſtows
The life, the love, the bleſſing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love
His name. "Then, my Chariſſa, all is thine."
"And thine, my Mitio," the fair ſaint replies.
"Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
"And place, and time, are our's; and things to come,
"And paſt, and preſent; for our intereſt ſtands
"Firm in our myſtic Head, the title ſure.
"'Tis for our health and ſweet refreſhment (while
"We ſojourn ſtrangers here) the fruitful earth
"Bears plenteous; and revolving ſeaſons ſtill
"Dreſs her vaſt globe in various ornament.
"For us this cheerful ſun and cheerful light
"Diurnal ſhine. This blue expanſe of ſky
"Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
"Covering our ſlumbers all with ſtarry gold
"Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
"For us time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
"Her wheels in motion: and her fabric ſtands.
"Glories beyond our ken of mortal ſight
"Are now preparing, and a manſion fair
"Awaits us, where the ſaints unbody'd live.
"Spirits, releas'd from clay, and purg'd from ſin:
"Thither our hearts, with moſt inceſſant wiſh,
"Panting, aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt hour
"Shine and releaſe us hence, and bear us high,
"Bear us at once unſever'd to our better home?"
O bleſs'd connubial ſtate! O happy pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated ſouls,
Who ſeek their faithful twins! Your pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as the glorious noon, ſerenely calm
As ſummer evenings. The vile ſons of earth,

Grovelling in duſt, with all their noiſy jars,
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendſhip and love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign
O'er all your paſſions, with unrivall'd ſway,
Mutual and everlaſting: Friendſhip knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live; there's not one thought
Can lurk in cloſe reſerve, no barriers fix'd,
But every paſſage open as the day.
Thus by communion your delight ſhall grow,
Thus ſtreams of mingled bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely glow.

THE THIRD PART:

OR, THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

Should ſovereign love before me ſtand,
With all his train of pomp and ſtate,
And bid the daring muſe relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not aſk the ſand
For metaphors t'expreſs their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the ſtars.
Thy cares and comfort, ſovereign love,
Vaſtly outweigh the ſand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the ſtars above.
Thy mighty loſſes and thy gains
Are their own mutual meaſures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleaſures.

Say, Damon, ſay, how bright the ſcene,
Damon is half-divinely bleſs'd,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breaſt,
Without a jealous thought, or buſy care between:

Then the ſweet paſſions mix and ſhare;
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy ſoul's remoteſt part
Conceal a thought or wiſh from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleaſures fly,
When friendſhip, all-ſincere, grows up to ecſtaſy,
Nor ſelf contracts the bliſs, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee ſit,
Or, ſporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindeſt thoughts engage:
Thoſe little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!

But ſhort is earthly bliſs! The changing wind
Blows from the ſickly ſouth, and brings
Malignant fevers on its ſultry wings,
Relentleſs death ſits cloſe behind:
Now gaſping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans, ſalute his ears,
Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While ſweet and bitter are at ſtrife
In thoſe dear miſeries of life,
Thoſe tendereſt pieces of his bleeding ſoul.
The pleaſing ſenſe of love awhile
Mix'd with the heartache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till ſorrows, like a gloomy deluge, riſe,
Then every ſmiling paſſion dies,
And hope alone, with wakeful eyes,
Darkling and ſolitary waits, the ſlow-returning light.

Here then let my ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſs'd
When I the laws of love obey;
Let but my pleaſure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt meaſures of alternate ſway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner ſcenes
On this dull ſtage of clay:

The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkneſs half the year,
Since half the year is day.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, JUST AFTER MR. DRYDEN.

DRYDEN is dead; Dryden alone could ſing
The full-grown glories of a future king....
Now Glo'ſter dies!....Thus leſſer heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give;
And ſcarce revive the muſe: But William ſtands,
Nor aſks his honours from the poet's hands.
William ſhall ſhine without a Dryden's praiſe,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

AN EPIGRAM

OF MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

"Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
"Ut mecum poſſis," &c.

Inſcribed to Mr. Joſiah Horte, Lord Biſhop of Kilmore, in Ireland.*

SO ſmooth your numbers, friend, your verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the jeſt, and yet the turn ſo neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your ſenſe and thought to mine.
Yet modeſt you decline the public ſtage,
To fix your friend alone amidſt th'applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro ſings
In vaſt heroic notes, of vaſt heroic things,
And leaves the ode, to dance upon his Flaccus' ſtrings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flaſh'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could ſilence all the lyric choir.

* Afterwards Archbiſhop of Tuam.

So to his Varius he reſign'd the praiſe
Of the proud buſkin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And ſing of gods and heroes in a bolder ſtrain.
A handſome treat, a piece of gold, or ſo,
And compliments, will every friend beſtow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tendereſt point of honour, wit.

TO MRS. SINGER,

(Afterwards Mrs. Rowe).

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE POEMS, NEVER PRINTED.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celeſtial themes
Refuſe to dance upon my ſtrings:
There beneath the evening ſky
I ſung my cares aſleep, and raiſed my wiſhes high
To everlaſting things.
Sudden from Albion's weſtern coaſt
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring ſhepherds knew the ſilver ſound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighbouring ſhepherds cry;
At once my ſtrings all ſilent lie.
At once my fainting muſe was loſt,
In the ſuperior ſweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My ſoul retir'd, and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's ſong
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th'immortal ſtrings:
Now theſe immortal ſtrings have no employ,

Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven and propagate the joy.
Let all thy powers, with awe profound,
While Philomela ſings,
Attend the rapture of the ſound,
And my devotion riſe on her ſeraphic wings.

STANZAS

TO LADY SUNDERLAND, AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

FAIR nymph, aſcend to beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower ſphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all powers but thine and time:
Envy, that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning ſtrikes with leſs ſurpriſe
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; ſhe enſlaves the mind:
We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conquerer and the chain,

The muſe that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her preſence in deſpair,
And owns th'inimitable fair.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH

ON KING WILLIAM III. OF GLORIOUS MEMORY. WHO DIED, MARCH 8TH, 1701.

BENEATH theſe honours of a tomb,
Greatneſs in humble ruin lies;
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the ſkies!)

Preſerve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy ſacred truſt;
To thy cold arms the Britiſt iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt duſt,

Ye gentleſt miniſters of fate
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt ſlumbers wait
With ſilken cords to bind his eyes.

Reſt his dear ſword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms ſhall ſtand:
Fix his bright enſigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye ſiſter arts of paint and verſe,
Place Albion fainting by his ſide,
Her groans ariſing o'er the herſe.
And Belgia ſinking when he dy'd.

High o'er the grave religion ſet
In ſolemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty, in fables dreſt,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn:
"William, the ſcourge of tyrants paſt,
"And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet peace, his ſacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And ſtretch her wings acroſs the deep
To bleſs the nations with the ſhade.

Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
Broad ſtars adorn thy brighteſt robe,
Thy thouſand voices ſound his name
In ſilver accents round the globe.

Flattery ſhall faint beneath the ſound,
While hoary truth inſpires the ſong;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And ſlander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Diſdain the horrors of a ſhade.

Glory with all her lamps ſhall burn,
And watch the warrior's ſleeping clay,
Till the laſt trumpet rouſe his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song, ſent, in a Letter of Condolance, to Mr. N. P. Merchant, at Amſterdam.

HARK! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the ſpheres;
Our eyes the radiant ſaint purſue
Through liquid teleſcopes of tears.

Farewel, bright ſoul, a ſhort farewel,
Till we ſhall meet again above,
In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love:

There glory ſits on every face,
There friendſhip ſmiles in every eye,
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

O'er all the names of Chriſt our king
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps ſhall ſound from every ſtring
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, ſovereign Lord, dear Saviour come,
Remove theſe ſeparating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it ſtays!

How long muſt we lie lingering here,
While ſaints around us take their flight?
Smiling, they quit this duſky ſphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light,

Sweet ſoul, we leave thee to thy reſt,
Enjoy thy Jeſus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the ſhining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come. 32

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER,
MRS. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and dear Sir,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and I beside, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written should be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to, Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

I. W.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

ON MRS. ANN WARNER,

Who died of the Smallpox, December 18, 1707, at One o'Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her First Child.

Awake, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled; With upward aim

Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.
The midnight watch of angels that patrol
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star: pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth, or cheerful evergreen,
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness:
By what divine protections she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combinations to assail her virtue
(Snares sent to murder souls); but heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.
Or does she seek, or has she found, her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
Th'unfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th'eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.
Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight, rejoice,
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding, salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This" (with sure presage, she cries)
"Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
"How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her mate)
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
"Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own: so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumberous flesh
Pass the great seal of heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings,
To some new golden harp, th'almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
O could I imitate th'exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!—
Or lies she now before th'eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
Overwhelm'd, and self-abasement, at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead, face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And her's amongst them not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride, for ever banish'd, flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay. Distressing sight!
I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view

Of melancholy fondneſs: Tears bedewing
That form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe diſeaſe,
That leagu'd with nature's ſharpeſt pains, and ſpoil'd
So ſweet a ſtructure! The impoiſoning taint
O'erſpreads the building wrought with ſkill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the duſt.
Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of wit and virtue? This the face
Where love triumph'd? and beauty on theſe cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes,
Was ſeated to advantage; mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy light? So ſits the ſun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimſon cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the ſky, till riſing fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing,
Involve the golden ſtar, and ſink him down
Oppreſs'd with darkneſs.....

On the Death of an aged and honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W.

I KNOW the kindred mind. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Among the heavenly forms I ſee
The kindred-mind from fleſhy bondage free;
O how unlike a thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghaſtly air, and languiſh'd head;
Life on this ſide, there the dead,
While the decaying fleſh lay ſhivering between.

Long did the earthly houſe reſtrain
In toilſome ſlavery that ethereal gueſt;
Priſon'd her round in walls of pain,
And twiſted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till, by the weight of numerous days oppreſt,

The earthly houſe began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive ſoul became her own again:
Tir'd with the ſorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourſcore years:
The priſoner ſmil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters looſe, and mounted to her reſt.

Gaze on, my ſoul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
'Raſe out thoſe melancholy ſhapes of woe
That hang around the memory, and becloud it ſo.
Come, fancy, come, with eſſences refin'd,
With youthful green, and ſportleſs white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T'expreſs the beauties of a naked mind.
Provide no glooms to form a ſhade;
All things above of vary'd light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features, too divine,
Beyond the power of fancy ſhine,
Conceal th'inimitable ſtrokes behind a graceful ſhrine.
Deſcribe the ſaint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in juſt proportion meet:
But let her poſture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to th'almighty ſeat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Freſh in her looks let ſprightly youth ariſe,
And joys unknown below the ſkies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breaſt confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Expreſs her paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet;
Love has an everlaſting flame,
And makes the work complete.

The painter muſe, with glancing eye,
Obſerv'd a manly ſpirit nigh *,
That death had long disjoined:
"In the fair tablet they ſhall ſtand
"United by a happier band:"
She ſaid, and fixed her ſight, and drew the manly mind.
Recount the years, my ſong (a mournful round!)
Since he was ſeen on earth no more:
He fought on lower ſeas and drown'd,
But victory and peace he found
On the ſuperior ſhore.
There now his tuneful breath in ſacred ſongs
Employs the European and the Eaſtern tongues.
Let th'awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and ſcience meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at his feet.
'Tis done! What beams of glory fall
(Rich varniſh of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The muſe has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love,
Dreſs it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Preſented to the Right Hon. Lady Abney, Lady-mayoreſs of London.

Madam,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceaſed, I ſhould have laboured after more of art in the following compoſition, to ſupply the defect of nature, and

* My grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, had ſuch acquaintance with the mathematicks, painting, muſic, poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable eſteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ſhip of war, 1656, and by blowing up of the ſhip in the Dutch war, he was drowned in his youth.

to feign a ſorrow; but the uncommon condeſcenſion of his friendſhip to me, the inward eſteem I pay his memory, and the vaſt and tender ſenſe I have of the loſs, make all the methods of art needleſs, whilſt natural grief ſupplies more than all.

I had reſolved to lament in ſighs and ſilence, and frequently checked the too forward muſe: but the importunity was not to be reſiſted; long lines of ſorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilſt I took many a ſolitary walk in the garden adjoining to his ſeat at Newington; nor could I free myſelf from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyſhip will find, throughout the poem, that the fair and unfiniſhed building which he had juſt raiſed for himſelf, gave almoſt all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I purſue no other topics of elegy than what my paſſion and my ſenſes lead me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other: It riſes from the foundation, ſalutes the walls, the doors, and the windows; drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleaſant retreat, where I promiſed myſelf many ſweet hours of his converſation; there my ſong wanders amongſt the delightful ſubjects, divine and moral, which uſed to entertain our happy leiſure; and thence deſcends to the fields and the ſhady walks, where I ſo often enjoyed his pleaſing diſcourſe; my ſorrows diffuſe themſelves there without a limit: I had quite forgotten all ſcheme and method of writing, till I correct myſelf, and riſe to the turret again, to lament that deſolate ſeat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muſe for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them conſider that the meaneſt thing that belonged to ſo valuable a perſon ſtill gave ſome freſh and doleful reflections: And I tranſcribe nature without rule, and repreſent friendſhip in a mourning dreſs, abandoned to deepeſt ſorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I deſigned a complete elegy, Madam, on your deareſt brother, and intended it for public view, I ſhould have followed the uſual forms of poetry, ſo far at leaſt, as to ſpend ſome pages in the character and praiſes of the deceaſed, and thence have taken occaſion to call mankind to complain aloud of the univerſal and unſpeakable loſs: But I wrote merely for myſelf as a friend of the dead, and to eaſe my full ſoul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues ſo well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myſelf; for the image of them was ever preſent with me,

which kept the pain at the heart intenſe and lively, and my tears flowing with my verſe.

Perhaps your ladyſhip will expect ſome divine thoughts and ſacred meditations, mingled with a ſubject ſo ſolemn as this is: Had I formed a deſign of offering it to your hands, I had compoſed a more Chriſtian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death ſo ſurpriſing that drew all the ſtrokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral ſtrain. Such as it is, your ladyſhip requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your ſoul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witneſs of that affectionate reſpect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your Ladyſhip's moſt rightful due, both by merit and by ſucceſſion, is now humbly offered, by, Madam,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt hearty and obedient ſervant,

I. WATTS.

To the dear Memory of my much honoured Friend, THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died November 11, 1700,
When he had juſt finiſhed his Seat at Newington.

OF blaſted hopes, and of ſhort withering joys,
Sing, heavenly muſe. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful ſong;
Gunſton the juſt, the generous, and the young,
Gunſton, the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliſs! 'Tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our ſoaring fancies riſe
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the ſkies
Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy ſtill deeper in deſpair.

How did our ſouls ſtand flatter'd and prepar'd
To ſhout him welcome to the ſeat he rear'd!
There the dear man ſhould ſee his hopes complete,
Smiling, and taſting every lawful ſweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling, delightful play'd around the ſpheres:

Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length:
But hasty fate thrusts her dread sheers between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T'allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend
Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting! there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his herse with never-ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road;
But no dear son to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
"This was my father's," with impatient joy,
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,

And call him my young friend: but awful fate
Deſign'd the mighty ſtroke, as laſting as 'twas great.
And muſt this building then, this coſtly frame,
Stand here for ſtrangers? Muſt ſome unknown name
Poſſeſs theſe rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were theſe walls rais'd for this hapleſs end?
Why theſe apartments all adorn'd ſo gay?
Why his rich fancy laviſh'd thus away?
Muſe, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled ſhades wrought in by ſoft degrees,
Give a ſweet foil to all the charming piece.
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The diſmal chambers of the hollow ground,
And ſolid ſhades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: earthly fogs embrace his head,
And noiſome vapours glide along his face,
Riſing perpetual! Muſe, forſake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholeſome clay,
Look to his airy ſpacious hall, and ſay,
"How has he chang'd it for a loneſome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"
Th'unhappy houſe looks deſolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languiſh; and each lofty wall,
Stately in grief, laments the maſter's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint reſemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below:
A noble air, without a gaudy ſhow,
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's ſoul.
O how I love to view the ſtately frame,
That dear memorial of the beſt lov'd name!
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious cave
Vaſt as his ſeat, and ſilent as his grave,
Where the tall ſhades ſtretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the ſunbeams off;
Thither, my willing feet, ſhould ye be drawn
At the grey twilight, and the early dawn.

There, sweetly sad, should my soft minutes roll,
Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my love.
Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago, we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania, there;
Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day;
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again: but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies;
He's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds them; while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face.

Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The ſun will riſe, the tuneful ſpheres will roll,
And the two mighty Bears walk round and watch the pole.
See while I ſpeak, high on her ſable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eaſtern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold,
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening gold,
Spread ſhadowing o'er the houſe, and glide away,
Slowly purſuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit ſtill,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that ſhadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitleſs wiſh! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that deſpairs of dawn!
Muſe, view the turret: juſt beneath the ſkies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad eyes,
As it would aſk a tear. O ſacred ſeat,
Sacred to friendſhip! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t'employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When, weary of the noiſy town, my friend,
From mortal cares retiring, ſhould aſcend,
And lead me thither. We alone would ſit
Free and ſecure of all intruding feet:
Our thoughts would ſtretch their longeſt wings, and riſe,
Nor bound their ſoarings by the lower ſkies:
Our tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting themes,
And ſpeak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundleſs joys and glories, thrones and ſeats
Built high in heaven for ſouls: We'd trace the ſtreets
Of golden pavement, walk each bliſsful field,
And climb and taſte the fruits the ſpicy mountains yield;

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode:
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There, hand in hand, approach th'almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should low'r their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honours, dreams of every sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a second wound
At swelling glory, strait the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe,

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.
Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,

For thou hadſt learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven beſtow'd with liberal hand:
Hence this fair ſtructure roſe; and hence this ſeat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we ſhall never meet,
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face t'appear,
Detains thee, Gunſton, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie buried, where my Gunſton lies.
Come hither, all ye tendereſt ſouls, that know
The heights of fondneſs and the depths of woe,
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on a bridal bed
Claſp'd in your arms your lover cold and dead,
Come; in the pomp of all your wild deſpair,
With flowing eyelids, and diſorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little ſtreams in my unbounded ſea.
You ſacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whoſe dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties; you that have known
Two happy ſouls made intimately one,
And felt a parting ſtroke: 'Tis you muſt tell
The ſmart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This ſoul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its ſide its deareſt half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite diſtreſs! ſuch raging grief
Should command pity, and ſpare relief.
Paſſion, methinks, ſhould riſe from all my groans,
Give ſenſe to rocks, and ſympathy to ſtones.
Ye duſky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual ſound:
Be all ye flowery vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Aſſiſt my ſorrows, and declare your own;

Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay ſmiling meadows, and be ſeen
In wintery robes, inſtead of youthful green;
And bid the brook that ſtill runs warbling by,
Move ſilent on, and weep his uſeleſs channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd ſhould come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb;
The oak ſhall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding ſoul
with mine.
Ye ſtately elms, in your long order mourn *;
Strip off your pride to dreſs your maſter's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves inſtead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the bluſtering rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To ſhow your ſorrows. Often ye have ſeen
Our heads reclin'd upon the riſing green;
Beneath your ſacred ſhade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendſhip reign'd with an unbounded ſway.
Hither our ſouls their conſtant offerings brought,
The burthens of the breaſt, and labours of the
thought;
Our opening boſoms on the conſcious ground
Spread all the ſorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleaſures were our own:
Then with an equal hand and honeſt ſoul
We ſhare the heap, yet both poſſeſs the whole,
And all the paſſions there thro'both our boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the ſympathy of pain.
Friendſhip! myſterious thing, what magic powers
Support thy ſway, and charm theſe minds of our's?
Bound to thy foot, we boaſt our birthright ſtill,
And dream of freedom, when we've loſt our will,

* There was a long row of tall elms then ſtanding, where, ſome years after, the lower garden was made.

And chang'd away our ſouls: at thy command,
We ſnatch new miſeries from a foreign hand,
To call them our's; and, thoughtleſs of our eaſe,
Plague the dear ſelf that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou tyranneſs of minds, whoſe cruel throne
Heap on poor mortals ſorrows not their own;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes ſufficient for each ſon ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the ſhares, and lengthens out the ſtore.
Yet we are found of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy ſlavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death diſſolves the chain.
Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving muſe,
Wild and deſpairing, knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her ſavage hours
Affronts the name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy votareſs too; and at thy ſhrine,
O ſacred friendſhip, offer'd ſongs divine,
While Gunſton lived, and both our ſouls were thine.
Here to theſe ſhades, at ſolemn hours, we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliſs. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And ſweet the aids of ſenſe: Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, ſporting thro' the trees:
The linnet and the lark their veſpers ſung,
And clouds of crimſon o'er th'horizon hung;
The ſlow declining ſun, with ſloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the weſtern hills.
Mourn, ye gardens, ye unfiniſh'd gates,
Ye green incloſures and ye growing ſweets,
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent moon,
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breaſts did all our thoughts inſpire
With joys almoſt immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th'etherial hill,

And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one anothers' ſouls
In rapture, and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my ſong! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; ſuch joys as theſe
Fled from the earth for ever!....
Oh for a general grief! let all things ſhare
Our woes that know our loves: The neighbouring air,
Let it be laden with immortal ſighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over theſe fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading graſs, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endleſs wound,
Vaſt and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His ſilver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear ſound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping ſoul! that heavenly breath,
That could ſpeak life, lies now congeal'd in death,
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy ſilence dwell.
Yet my fond hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, once more, and then
Gunſton aloud I call. In vain I cry
Gunſton aloud; for he muſt ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop theſe funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wandering I tune my ſorrows to the groves,
And vent my ſwelling griefs, and tell the winds our loves; [not:
While the dear youth ſleeps faſt, and hears them
He hath forgot me: In the loneſome vault,
Mindleſs of Watts and friendſhip, cold he lies
Deaf and unthinking clay....
But whither am I led? This artleſs grief
Hurries the muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:

The pleaſing hours, the happy moments paſt
In theſe ſweet fields reviving on my taſte
Snatch me away, reſiſtleſs, with impetuous haſte.
Spread thy ſtrong pinions once again, my ſong,
And reach the turret thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converſe; but only hears
The noiſy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds ſalute it whiſtling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling ſhowers
Laſh the fair ſides; above, loud thunder roars;
But ſtill the maſter ſleeps; nor hears the voice
Of ſacred friendſhip, nor the tempeſt's noiſe:
An iron ſlumber ſits on every ſenſe,
In vain the heavenly thunders ſtrive to rouſe it thence.

One labour more, my muſe, the golden ſphere
Seems to demand: See through the duſky air
Downward it ſhines upon the riſing moon;
And as ſhe labours up to reach her noon,
Purſues her orb with repercuſſive light,
And ſtreaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darkſome grave,
Or pierce the ſolid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunſton dwells in death. Behold, it flames
Like ſome new meteor with diffuſive beams
Through the midheaven, and overcomes the ſtars;
"So ſhines thy Gunſton's ſoul above the ſpheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We ſaw the fleſh ſink down with cloſing eyes,
"We heard thy grief ſhriek out, He dies! He dies!
"Miſtaken grief! to call the fleſh the friend!
"On our fair wings did the bright youth aſcend,
"All heaven embrac'd him with immortal love
"And ſung his welcome to the courts above,
"Gentle Ithuriel led him round the ſkies,
"The buildings ſtruck him with immenſe ſurpriſe;
"The ſpires all radiant, and the manſions bright,
"The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:

" Beauty and ſtrength on the tall bulwarks ſate
" In heavenly diamonds; and for every gate,
" On golden hinges, a broad ruby turns,
" Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of glories reign through every part:
" Infinite power, and uncreated art,
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the ſtrangers ſhow
" How it outſhines the nobleſt ſeats below,
" The ſtranger fed his gazing powers awhile
" Tranſported: Then with a regardleſs ſmile,
" Glanc'd his eye downward thro' the cryſtal floor,
" And took eternal leave of what he built before."
Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful ſtrain:
Raphael commands: Aſſume thy joys again.
In everlaſting numbers ſing, and ſay,
" Gunſton has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
" Gunſton the friend lives ſtill; and give thy
groans away."

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET,

MERCHANT.

Worthy Sir,

THE ſubject of the following elegy was high in your eſteem, and enjoyed a large ſhare of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the aſſiſtance of the muſe to make it perpetual; but when ſhe can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this addreſs acknowledge the favours ſhe has received from the living, it is a double pleaſure to, Sir,

Your obliged humble ſervant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. MR. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died Jan. 8th, 1699-1700.

YE virgin ſouls, whoſe ſweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates* not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin ſo divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin ſouls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful ſorrows dreſs a prophet's urn.

* Pſal. cxxxvii. Lament. i. 2, 3.

O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate ſuch charming grief,
I'd teach the ſeas, and teach the ſkies,
Wailing, and ſobs, and ſympathies,
Nor ſhould the ſtones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks ſhall have eyes, and ſtones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And ſent his miniſter of death
To ſcourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commiſſion'd for the fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
There he eſſay'd the vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal aim, and brought great Gouge to duſt.
Great Gouge to duſt! how doleful is the ſound!
How vaſt the ſtroke is! and how wide the wound!
Oh painful ſtroke! diſtreſſing death!
A wound unmeaſurably wide:
No vulgar mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his breath.
The muſe that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majeſty and groans,
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking thrones,
And in deep ſounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herſelf, with all her ſtore,
Can furniſh ſuch a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things moan;
Sure he was ſome etherial mind,
Fated in fleſh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His ſoul was of th'angelic frame,
The ſame ingredients, and the mould the ſame,
When the Creator makes a miniſter of flame,

He was all form'd of heavenly things,
Mortals, believe what my Urania ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up through the ocean of the ſky,
Tow'rd the celeſtial coaſt!
With what amazing ſwiftneſs ſoar
Till earth's dark ball was ſeen no more,
And all its mountains loſt!
Scarce could the muſe purſue him with her ſight:
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you met his wonderous flight,
And knew the ſtranger well;
Say, how he paſt the radiant ſpheres.
And viſited your happy ſeats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden ſtreets,
And walk'd among the ſtars.

Tell how he climed the everlaſting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal love.
'Twas there he took a glorious ſight
Of the inheritance of ſaints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble ſcholar came,
And to your ſongs he rais'd his ears
To learn th'unutterable name,
To view th'eternal baſe that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he ſaw,
Full of mercy; full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wonderous ſprings
Of thoſe celeſtial ſacred things,
The peaceful goſpel, and the fiery law
In that majeſtic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With moſt profound abaſement and exalted joy,

The rolls of fate were half unſeal'd,
He ſtood adoring by;
The volume open'd to his eye,
And ſweet intelligence he held
With all his ſhining kindred of the ſky.

Ye ſeraphs, that ſurround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm your zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And bold blaſphemers ſhrink and fear †:
Impudent tongues! to blaſt a prophet's name!
The poiſon ſure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt duſt, and blot the whiteſt fame!
Impudent tongues! You ſhall be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till ſlander die,
Till ſlander die with you.

"We ſaw him," ſaid th'etherial throng,
"We ſaw his warm devotions riſe,
"We heard the fervour of his cries,
"And mix'd his praiſes with our ſong:
"We knew the ſecret flights of his retiring hours,
"Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
"Young Iſrael roſe to wreſtle with his God,
"And with unconquer'd force ſcal'd the celeſtial
"towers,
"To reach the bleſſing down for thoſe that ſought
"his blood.
"Oft we beheld the thunderer's hand
"Rais'd high to cruſh the factious foe;
"And oft we ſaw the rolling vengeance ſtand
"Doubtful t'obey the dread command,
"While his aſcending prayer upheld the falling
"blow."

Draw the paſt ſcenes of thy delight,
My muſe, and bring the wondrous man to ſight.
Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood

† Though he was ſo great and good a man, he did not eſcape cenſure.

With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A ſtream of harmony ran ſoft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good:
Softly it ran its ſilver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current ſtrong;
Then fervid zeal on the ſweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd, promiſcuous, on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd ſenſe away, and thoughts
and ſouls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this groſſer air,
This atmoſphere of ſin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly ſcenes ſoon leave the ſight
While we belong to clay,
Paſſions of terror and delight,
Demand alternate ſway.
Behold the man, whoſe awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moſes ſaw,
And ſwell the trumpet's warlike noiſe.
He ſtands the herald of the threatning ſkies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely riſe,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in
his eyes.

Round the high roof the curſes flew,
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty head,
Far from th'unequal war the atheiſt fled,
His kindled arrows ſtill purſue,
His arrows ſtrike the atheiſt through,
And o'er his inmoſt powers a ſhuddering horror
ſpread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaſpheming ſouls of harden'd ſteel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the ſound.
The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, ſinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark deſpair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, muſe, aſſume a ſofter ſtrain,
Now ſoothe the ſinner's raging ſmart,
Borrow of Gouge the wonderous art
To calm the ſurging conſcience, and aſſwage the [pain;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the ſouls that guilt had ſlain,
And ſtraight the dying rebel lives,
The dead ariſe again;
The opening ſkies almoſt obey
His powerful ſong; a heavenly ray
Awakes deſpair to light, and ſheds a cheerful day,
His wondrous voice rolls back the ſpheres,
Recals the ſcenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguiſh of his croſs, and triumphs of his throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The ſteep aſcent of Calvary,
And ſets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celeſtial ſorrow reigns:
Rude nails and ragged thorns lie by,
Ting'd with the crimſon of redeeming veins.
In wonderous words, he ſung the vital flood
Where all our ſins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the ſpear, and balmy as the blood.
In his diſcourſe divine
Afreſh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept ſympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful ſound,
Sad as the breaking heartſtrings of th'expiring God.

Down to the manſions of the dead,
With trembling joy, our ſouls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear prince of light reclines his head
Darkneſs and ſhades among.

With pleaſing horror we ſurvey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs:
The riſing God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking ſaints, a long triumphing train.

See the bright ſquadrons of the ſky,
Downward on wings of joy and haſte they fly,
Meet their returning ſovereign, and attend him high
A ſhining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th'eternal braſs that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliſs receive their king,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his head;
Dreſs'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the ſeaſons and the ſhining globes,
And ſways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realms below,
Vaſt was his truſt, and great his ſkill,
Bright the credentials he could ſhew,
And thouſands own'd the ſeal,
His hallowed lips could well impart
The grace, the promiſe, and command:
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our ſouls ſtart out, to hear,
The embaſſies of love he bare,

While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's buſy cares a ſacred ſilence bound,
Attention ſtood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleaſure of the ſound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlaſting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of ſorrow riſe,
Nor hope th'impoſſible relief.
Ye remnants of the ſacred tribe,
Who feel the loſs, come ſhare the ſmart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language ſo divine?
Our paſſions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our ſongs,
And awful threatnings languiſh on our tongues.
Howe is a great but ſingle name:
Amidſt the crowd he ſtands alone:
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry pinions on,
Dreſt for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command the ſtay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wiſh his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And ſhining guards, t'attend thy prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping eyes,
Send an Eliſha down, a ſoul of equal ſize,
Or burn this worthleſs globe, and take us to the ſkies.

DIVINE SONGS,

FOR CHILDREN.

PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

My Friends,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wiſdom and welfare of the ſucceeding generation are entruſted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The ſeeds of miſery or happineſs in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes ſown very early; and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a reliſh for virtue and religion, ought, in the firſt place, to be propoſed to you.

Verſe was at firſt deſigned for the ſervice of God, though it hath been wretchedly abuſed ſince. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and diſciples the precepts of morality and worſhip in verſe. The children of Iſrael were commanded to learn the words of the ſong of Moſes, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Teſtament, not only to ſing "with grace in the heart," but to "teach and admoniſh one another by hymns and ſongs," Epheſ. v. 19. And there are theſe four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is ſomething ſo amuſing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their buſineſs a diverſion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of theſe Songs every week, if they fulfil the buſineſs of the week well, and promiſing them the book itſelf, when they have learned ten or twenty ſongs out of it.

II. What is learned in verſe is longer retained in memory, and ſooner recollected. The like ſounds, and the like number of ſyllables, exceedingly aſſiſt the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a ſong running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off ſome temptations, or to in line to ſome duty, when a word of ſcripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a conſtant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have ſomething to think upon when alone, and ſing over to themſelves. This may ſometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raiſe a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to ſeek relief in an emptineſs of mind, out of the looſe and dangerous ſonnets of the age.

IV. Theſe Divine Songs may be a pleaſant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worſhip, to ſing one in the family, at ſuch time as the parents or governors ſhall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verſe to the moſt uſual pſalm tunes.

The greateſt part of this little book was compoſed ſeveral years ago, at the requeſt of a friend, who had been long employed in the work of catechiſing a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant ſkill

and ſucceſs. So that you will find here nothing that ſavours of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Diſſenters, baptiſed in infancy, or not, may all join together in theſe Songs. And as I have endeavoured to ſink the language to the level of a child's underſtanding, and yet to keep it, if poſſible, above contempt; ſo I have deſigned to profit all, if poſſible, and offend none. I hope the more general the ſenſe is, theſe compoſures may be of the more univerſal uſe and ſervice.

I have added at the end, ſome attempts of ſonnets on moral ſubjects, for children, with an air of pleaſantry, to provoke ſome fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he ſucceed your cares with his abundant grace, that the riſing generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Chriſtian world, and a bleſſing to the earth.

I. A general Song of Praiſe to God.

HOW glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the ſky!
How ſhall a child preſume to ſing
His dreadful majeſty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor ſaints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that ſtand round the Lord,
Can ſearch his ſecret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And ſing his praiſes ſtill.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my firſt offerings bring;
Th'eternal God will not diſdain
To hear an infant ſing.

My heart reſolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels ſhall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praiſe
Sound from a feeble voice.

II. Praise for Creation and Providence.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where-e'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glory known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath!
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

III. Praiſe to God for our Redemption.

BLEST be the wiſdom and the power,
The juſtice and the grace,
That join'd in council to reſtore,
And ſave our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Bleſt be the Lord that ſent his Son
To take our fleſh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honoured all his Father's laws,
Which we have diſobey'd;
He bore our ſins upon the croſs,
And our full ranſom paid.

Behold him riſing from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit, there to ſave
Tranſgreſſors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne, he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence ſhall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a ſovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking ſaints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bleſs'd aſſembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

IV. Praises for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

V. Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve my song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

VI. Praise for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven!

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

VII. The Excellency of the Bible.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, power, and grace,
Shine brighteſt in thy book.

The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction given;
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and ſhow
The goodneſs of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies;
Here my deſires are ſatisfy'd,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord, make me underſtand thy law;
Show what my thoughts have been:
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here would I learn how Chriſt had dy'd
To ſave my ſoul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

VIII. Praiſe to God for Learning to Read.

THE praiſes of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt ſo young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched ſlave to ſin.

That I am led to ſee
I can do nothing well;
And whither ſhall a ſinner flee
To ſave himſelf from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my ſin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Chriſt, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ranſom coſt his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He ſends his Spirit down
To ſhow the wonders of his love,
And make his goſpel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Thoſe truths which all thy ſervants preach,
And all thy ſaints believe.

Then ſhall I praiſe the Lord
In a more cheerful ſtrain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

IX. The All-Seeing God.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actons lie
All open to thy ſight.

There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,

But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Againſt the judgment-day.

And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there?
Be all expos'd before the ſun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot aſham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood waſh out my ſtains,
And anſwer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T'indulge a ſinful thought,
Since the great God can ſee and hear,
And writes down every fault.

X. Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and ſeas:
I fear his wrath, I aſk his love,
And with my lips I ſing his praiſe.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we muſt do:
My ſoul, to his commands ſubmit,
For they are holy, juſt, and true.

There is a goſpel of rich grace,
Whence ſinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent and ſeek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I muſt die,
Nor do I know how ſoon 'twill come:
A thouſand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offered to the dead.

Juſt as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or ſouthward, there it lies;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the ſtate wherein he dies.

XI. Heaven and Hell.

THERE is beyond the ſky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlaſting pains;
There ſinners muſt with devils dwell
In darkneſs, fire, and chains.

Can ſuch a wretch as I
Eſcape this curſed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I ſhall to heaven aſcend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath:
Leſt I ſhould be cut off to-day,
And ſent t'eternal death.

XII. The Advantages of Early Religion.

HAPPY's the child whoſe youngeſt years
Receive inſtructions well:
Who hates the ſinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes:
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain ſacrifice.

'Tis eaſier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While ſinners that grow old in ſin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we reſign;
'Twill pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the ſweet work of prayer and praiſe
Employ my youngeſt breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

XIII. The Danger of Delay.

WHY ſhould I ſay, "'Tis yet too ſoon
"To ſeek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may loſe my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Deſpiſe the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my ſin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wrath, and ſwear,
While I refuſe to read and pray,
That he'll refuſe to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuſe his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And ſtrike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;

One ſtroke of his Almighty rod
Shall ſend young ſinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace:
To wiſh I had my time again,
Or hope to ſee my Maker's face.

XIV. Examples of Early Piety.

WHAT bleſs'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

Jeſus, who reigns above the ſky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering ſtand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a ſweet hoſanna ſung,
And bleſt their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While ſcribes and prieſts blaſpheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy by times was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why ſhould I ſo long delay
What others learnt ſo ſoon?
I would not paſs another day
Without this work begun.

XV. Againſt Lying.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wiſdom's way;

To fear a lie, to ſpeak the truth,
That we may truſt to all they ſay.

But liars we can never truſt,
Though they ſhould ſpeak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at firſt,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, or heard, or read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Annanias was ſtruck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife, Sapphira, die,
When ſhe came in and grew ſo bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That, juſt before, her huſband told.

The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The words of truth; but every liar
Muſt have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimſtone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Leſt I be ſtruck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

XVI. Againſt Quarrelling and Fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them ſo;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you ſhall never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others' eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the bleſſed virgin's Son,
That ſweet and lovely child.

His ſoul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his ſtature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He ſees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

XVII. Love between Brothers and Siſters.

WHATEVER brawls diſturb the ſtreet,
There ſhould be peace at home;
Where ſiſters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels ſhould never come.

Birds in their little neſts agree:
And 'tis a ſhameful ſight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at firſt, and threat'ning words
That are but noiſy breath,
May grow to clubs or naked ſwords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's ſon
To rage againſt another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wiſe will make their anger cool,
At leaſt before 'tis night;
But in the boſom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childiſh rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love

XVIII. Against Scoffing and calling Names.

OUR tongues were made to bleſs the Lord,
And not ſpeak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We muſt not rail again.

Croſs words and angry names require
To be chaſtis'd at ſchool;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother, fool.

But lips that dare be ſo profane,
To mock, and jeer, and ſcoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord ſhall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,
Serv'd old Eliſha ſo;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou baldhead, go:"

God quickly ſtopp'd their wicked breath,
And ſent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To ſinners e'er ſo young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

XIX. Against Swearing and Curſing, and taking God's Name in vain.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuſe thy dreadful glorious name!

And when they're angry, how they ſwear.
And curſe their fellows, and blaſpheme!

How will they ſtand before thy face,
Who treated thee with ſuch diſdain,
While thou ſhalt doom them to the place
Of everlaſting fire and pain?

Then never ſhall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praiſe thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart ſhall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whoſe power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendſhip, when I hear
Young ſinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curſe, and learn to ſwear.

XX. Againſt Idleneſs and Miſchief.

How doth the little buſy bee
Improve each ſhining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How ſkilfully ſhe builds her cell!
How neat ſhe ſpreads the wax!
And labours hard to ſtore it well
With the ſweet food ſhe makes.

In works of labour or of ſkill,
I would be buſy too;
For Satan finds ſome miſchief ſtill
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my firſt years be paſt,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at laſt.

XXI. Againſt evil Company.

WHY ſhould I join with thoſe in play,
In whom I've no delight;
Who curſe and ſwear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton ſong;
Their words offend mine ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my tongue
With language ſuch as their's.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the ſcoffers go;
I would be walking with the wiſe,
That wiſer I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jeſt;
One ſickly ſheep infects the flock,
And poiſons all the reſt.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With ſinful children here;
Then let me not be ſent to hell,
Where none but ſinners are.

XXII. Againſt Pride in Clothes.

WHY ſhould our garments, made to hide
Our parents' ſhame, provoke our pride?
The art of dreſs did ne'er begin,
Till Eve our mother learn'd to ſin.

When firſt ſhe put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boaſt
In the ſad marks of glory loſt.

How proud we are! how fond to ſhew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dreſt fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me ſtill.

Then will I ſet my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
Theſe are the robes of richeſt dreſs.

No more ſhall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bleſt apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould.
It takes no ſpot, but ſtill refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it ſhines.

In this on earth ſhould I appear;
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his ſight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

XXIII. Obedience to Parents.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers ſay;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatn'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the ſame.

But thoſe who worſhip God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

XXIV. The Child's Complaint.

WHY ſhould I love my ſport ſo well,
So conſtant at my play,
And loſe the thoughts of heaven and hell
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will;
And ſhall I daily know thee more,
And leſs obey thee ſtill?

How ſenſeleſs is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakneſs of a child,
And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can ſay.

XXV. A Morning Song.

MY God who makes the ſun to know
His proper hour to riſe,
And to give light to all below,
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

When from the chambers of the eaſt
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor ſtops to reſt;
But round the world he ſhines.

So, like the ſun, would I fulfil
The buſineſs of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and ſtill
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my ſoul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been ſpent in vain.

XXVI. An Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll ſing my Maker's praiſe;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waſte!
My ſins, how great their ſum!
Lord, give me pardon for the paſt,
And ſtrength for days to come.

I lay my body down to ſleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkneſs keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I cloſe my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me riſe
Rejoicing in thy love.

XXVII. For the Lord's-Day Morning.

THIS is the day when Chriſt aroſe
So early from the dead;
Why ſhould I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waſte my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jeſus broke
The power of death and hell;
And ſhall I ſtill wear Satan's yoke,
And love my ſins ſo well?

To-day with pleaſure Chriſtians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord,

I'll leave my ſport, to read and pray,
And ſo prepare for heaven:
O may I love this bleſſed day
The beſt of all the ſeven!

XXVIII. For the Lord's-Day Evening.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to ſee
A whole aſſembly worſhip thee!
At once they ſing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and ſtill would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all my pleaſure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Chriſt and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OUT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

PUT INTO SHORT RHYME, FOR CHILDREN.

Exodus, chap. xx.

1. THOU ſhalt have no more gods but Me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abſtain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor ſteal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, xxii. 37.

WITH all thy ſoul love God above,
And as thyſelf thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR's GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew, vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor ſay to men,
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your ſoul and ſtrength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourſelf,
Be faithful, juſt, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be ſure you never do.

Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hoſanna, and "Glory to the Father," &c. to be ſung at the end of any of theſe Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.

THE HOSANNA:
OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne:
We bleſs the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion ſing
The growing glories of her King.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to ſing. 4

Hoſanna to th'eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe ſalvation to the Lord,
With bleſſings on his name. 8

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood. 4

To Chriſt, th'anointed King,
Be endleſs bleſſings given;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with heaven. 8

GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honour, praiſe, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven. 4

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd
Where there are works to make him known,
Or ſaints to love the Lord. 4

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honour done. 4

MORAL SONGS.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN;

Such as I wish some happy and condescending Genius would undertake for the Use of Children, and perform much better.

The sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other divine songs). Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the seeds of future vices.

I. The Sluggard.

'TIS the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,"
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding;
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading. 20

II. Innocent Play.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger and rage,
How much may we learn from the sight! 6

If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas, and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures. 12

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport." 18

III. The Rose.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day. 4

Yet the roſe has one powerful virtue to boaſt,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are loſt,
Still how ſweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the roſe:
But all our fond care to preſerve them is vain;
Time kills them as faſt as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will ſcent, like a roſe, when I'm dead.

IV. The Thief.

WHY ſhould I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods againſt his will?
Hands were made for honeſt labour,
Not to plunder or to ſteal.

'Tis a fooliſh ſelf-deceiving
By ſuch tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to ſorrow, ſhame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their ſad profit to compute?
To what diſmal ſtate they brought us
When they ſtole forbidden fruit?

Oft we ſee a young beginner
Practiſe little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd ſinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can ſpy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Leſt I covet what's not mine:
Leſt I ſteal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from ſin.

V. The Ant, or Emmet.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to duſt, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern;
Yet, as wiſe as we are, if we went to their ſchool,
There's many a ſluggard and many a fool,
Some leſſons of wiſdom might learn. 6

They don't wear their time out in ſleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a ſunſhiny day,
And for winter they lay up their ſtores:
They manage their work in ſuch regular forms,
One would think they foreſaw all the froſts and the ſtorms,
And ſo brought their food within doors. 12

But I have leſs ſenſe than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I ſhall want,
Nor provide againſt dangers in time.
When death or old age ſhall ſtare in my face,
What a wretch ſhall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime! 18

Now, now, while my ſtrength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will ſerve me when ſickneſs ſhall come,
And pray that my ſins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven, 24

VI. Good Reſolutions.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can I tell what ſhall befal me.
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age ſhall call me.
Should I be rich or great, 5
Others ſhall partake my goodneſs;
I'll ſupply the poor with meat,
Never ſhewing ſcorn or rudeneſs.

Where I ſee the blind or lame,
  Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deſerve to feel the ſame
  If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues.
  Why ſhould I return them railing?
Since I beſt revenge my wrongs,
  By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
  Talking fooliſh, curſing, ſwearing;
Firſt I'll try to make them wiſe,
  Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
  I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modeſt, neat, and clean,
  And ſubmit when they reprove me,

If I ſhould be poor and ſick,
  I ſhall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
  Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
  Nor be eaſily offended;
What's amiſs I'll ſtrive to mend,
  And endure what can't be mended.

May I be ſo watchful ſtill
  O'er my humours and my paſſions,
As to ſpeak and do no ill,
  Though it ſhould be all the faſhion:

Wicked faſhions lead to hell;
  Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave ſo well,
  Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. A Summer Evening.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the ſun,
How lovely and joyful the courſe that he run,
Though he roſe in a miſt when his race he began,
  And there followed ſome droppings of rain!

But now the fair traveller's come to the weſt,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are beſt;
He paints the ſky gay as he ſinks to his reſt,
And foretels a bright riſing again. 8

Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian: His courſe he begins,
Like the ſun in a miſt, while he mourns for his ſins,
And melts into tears: then he breaks out and ſhines,
And travels his heavenly way: 12
But when he comes nearer to finiſh his race,
Like a fine ſetting ſun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a ſure hope at the end of his days
Of riſing in brighter array. 16

Some Copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into ſeveral hands, the Author has been perſuaded to permit it to appear in public at the end of theſe Songs for Children.

A CRADLE HYMN.

HUSH! my dear, lie ſtill, and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly bleſſings without number
Gently falling on thy head. 4

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well ſupply'd. 8

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he deſcended,
And became a child like thee? 12

Soft and eaſy is thy cradle:
Coarſe and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birthplace was a ſtable,
And his ſofteſt bed was hay. 16

Bleſſed babe! what glorious features,
Spotleſs, fair, divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the ſight? 20

Was there nothing but a manger
  Curſed ſinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
  Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
  Though my ſong might ſound too hard;
'Tis thy { * Mother / Nurſe that } ſits beſide thee,
  And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

Yet to read the ſhameful ſtory,
  How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they ſerv'd the Lord of glory,
  Makes me angry while I ſing.

See the kinder ſhepherds round him,
  Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought him, there they found him,
  With his virgin-mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dreſſing;
  Lovely Infant, how he ſmil'd!
When he wept, the mother's bleſſing
  Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy Child.

Lo, he ſlumbers in his manger,
  Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
  Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
  Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endleſs crying,
  That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
  Truſt and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
  See his face and ſing his praiſe!

I could give thee thouſand kiſſes,
  Hoping what I moſt deſire;
Not a mother's fondeſt wiſhes
  Can to greater joys aſpire.

* Here you may uſe the words, brother, ſiſter, neighbour, friend, &c.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

LIFE of the Author - - - - - - - - v

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

On reading Mr. Watts's Poems sacred to Piety and Devotion, by *Eusebia* - - - - - xix

To Mr. Watts, on his Poems, by *Philomela* - - - xx

To Mr. Watts, on reading his Horæ Lyricæ, by *Joseph Standen* xxi

To Mr. Watts, on his Divine Poems, by *Henry Greaves* xxv

To Dr. Watts, on the Fifth Edition of his Horæ Lyricæ, by *Britannicus* - - - - - - - - xxvi

Preface - - - - - - - - - - xxix

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

Book I. Sacred to Devotion and Piety.

Worshipping with Fear - - - - - - 1

Asking Leave to sing - - - - - - - 2

Divine Judgments - - - - - - - 3

Earth and Heaven - - - - - - - 5

Felicity above - - - - - - - 6

God's Dominion and Decrees - - - - - 7

Self Consecration - - - - - - - 8

The Creator and Creatures - - - - - 9

The Nativity of Christ - - - - - - 10

God glorious, and Sinners saved - - - - 11

The Humble Enquiry; a French Sonnet imitated - 13

The Penitent pardoned - - - - - - ib.

A Hymn of Praise for Three great Salvations - - 15

The Incomprehensible - - - - - - 17

Death and Eternity - - - - - - - 18

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness - - - - 19

The universal Hallelujah; Psalm cxlviii. paraphrased 21

The Atheist's Mistake - - - - - - 23

The Law given at Sinai - - - - - - 24

Remember your Creator, &c.; Eccles. xii. - - 28

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise ye the Lord! - - 29

The welcome Messenger - - - - - 31

Sincere Praise - - - - - - - - 32

True Learning; partly imitated from a French Sonnet 33

True Wisdom - - - - - - - - 35

A Song on Creating Wiſdom - - - - - - 37
God's abſolute Dominion - - - - - - 40
Condeſcending Grace; in Imitation of Pſalm cxiv. - 41
The Infinite - - - - - - - - - 42
Confeſſion and Pardon - - - - - - - 43
Young Men and Maidens, old Men and Babes, praiſe ye the Lord! - - - - - - - 45
Flying Fowl and Creeping Things, praiſe ye the Lord! - 47
The Compariſon and Complaint - - - - - 48
God ſupreme and ſel.-ſufficient - - - - - 49
Jeſus the only Saviour - - - - - - 50
Looking upward - - - - - - - - 51
Chriſt dying, riſing, and reigning - - - - 52
The God of Thunder - - - - - - - 53
The Day of Judgment; an Ode attempted in Engliſh Sapphic 54
The Song of Angels above - - - - - - 55
Fire, Air, Earth, and Sea, praiſe ye the Lord! - - 58
The Farewel - - - - - - - - 60
God only known to himſelf - - - - - - ib.
Pardon and Sanctification - - - - - - 61
Sovereignty and Grace - - - - - - - 62
The Law and Gospel - - - - - - 63
Seeking a divine Calm in a reſtleſs World - - - 64
Happy Frailty - - - - - - - - 65
Launching into Eternity - - - - - - 66
A Proſpect of the Reſurrection - - - - 67
Breathing towards the Heavenly Country - - - 68
The Hundredth Epigram of Cammire, on St. Ardalio 69
Latin Epigram of a French Jeſuit, Engliſhed - - 70
Latin Anſwer, by a French Proteſtant, Engliſhed - ib.
Two happy Rivals: Devotion and the Muſe - - 71
The Hazard of loving the Creatures - - - - 74
Deſire to love Chriſt - - - - - - 75
The Heart given away - - - - - - 76
Meditation in a Grove - - - - - - 77
The faireſt and the only Beloved - - - - 78
Mutual Love ſtronger than Death - - - 80
A Sight of Chriſt - - - - - - - 81
Love on a Croſs and a Throne - - - - 83
A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper - - 84
Converſe with Chriſt - - - - - - 85
Grace ſhining, and Nature fainting - - - - 86
Love to Chriſt, preſent or abſent - - - 89

The Abſence of Chriſt - - - - - - - 90
Deſiring his Deſcent on Earth - - - - - 91
Aſcending to him in Heaven - - - - - - 92
The Preſence of God worth dying for - - - - 93
Longing for his Return - - - - - - - 94
Hope in Darkneſs - - - - - - - - 94
Come, Lord Jeſus - - - - - - - - 96
Bewailing my own Inconſtancy - - - - - 98
Forſaken, yet hoping - - - - - - - 99
The Concluſion - - - - - - - - 100

Book II. Sacred to Honour, Virtue, and Friendſhip.

To Her Majeſty - - - - - - - - - 102
Palinodia - - - - - - - - - 105
To John Locke, Eſq. - - - - - - - - ib.
To John Shute, Eſq. - - - - - - - 106
Friendſhip - - - - - - - - - 107
To Nathaniel Gould, Eſq. - - - - - - 108
The Life of Souls - - - - - - - - 109
Falſe Greatneſs - - - - - - - - 110
An Epiſtle to Sariſſa - - - - - - - 111
Paradiſe - - - - - - - - - 113
Strict Religion very rare - - - - - - 116
To Meſſrs. C. and S. Fleetwood - - - - - 118
Caſimire, Lib. ii. Ode 2, imitated - - - - 119
True Monarchy - - - - - - - - 120
True Courage - - - - - - - - 122
Free Philoſophy - - - - - - - - 123
The Way of the Multitude - - - - - - 124
To the Rev. Mr. John Howe - - - - - 126
The Diſappointment and Relief - - - - - 127
The Hero's School of Morality - - - - - 128
Freedom - - - - - - - - - 130
On Mr. Locke's Annotations upon ſeveral Parts of the New Teſtament, left in MS. - - - 131
True Riches - - - - - - - - - 132
The adventurous Muſe - - - - - - - 134
The Complaint - - - - - - - - - 136
The Afflictions of a Friend - - - - - 138
The Reverſe: or, the Comforts of a Friend - - - 139
The Hardy Soldier - - - - - - - - 140
Burning ſeveral Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, &c. 141
Againſt Tears - - - - - - - - - 142

Few happy Matches - - - - 143
An Epiſtle to David Polhill, Eſq. - - 144
Tranſlation from Caſimire, with large Additions - 145
The Indian Philoſopher - - - 152
The happy Man - - - - - 153
An Anſwer to an infamous Satire, called "Advice to a Painter" - - - - 156
To the Diſcontented and Unquiet - - - 156
To John Hartopp, Eſq. - - - - 161
Happy Solitude - - - - - 163
The Diſdain - - - - - 165
To Mitio, my Friend; an Epiſtle - - - 165
Epigram on the Death of the Duke of Glouceſter juſt after Dryden - - - - 177
Epigram of Martial to Cirinus - - - 177
To Mrs. Singer (afterwards Mrs. Rowe) - - 178
To Lady Sunderland, at Tunbridge-Wells - - 179

Book III. Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.

Epitaph on King William III. of glorious Memory - 180
On the ſudden Death of Mrs. Mary Peacock - - 182
To the Rev. Mr. John Shower, on the Death of his Daughter - - - - 183
On the Death of an aged and honoured Relative - 186
A funeral Poem on the Death of Thomas Gunſton, Eſq. 188
Elegy on the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gouge - - 201

DIVINE SONGS, FOR CHILDREN.

Preface - - - - - - 209
Song I. A general Song of Praiſe to God - - 210
Song II. Praiſe to God for Creation and Providence - 211
Song III. Praiſe to God for our Redemption - 212
Song IV. Praiſes for Mercies ſpiritual and temporal - 213
Song V. Praiſe for Birth and Education in a Chriſtian Land 213
Song VI. Praiſe for the Goſpel - - - 214
Song VII. The Excellency of the Bible - - 215
Song VIII. Praiſe to God for learning to read - ib.
Song IX. The all-ſeeing God - - - 216
Song X. Solemn Thoughts of God and Death - - 217
Song XI. Heaven and Hell - - - 218
Song XII. The Advantages of early Religion - - 218
Song XIII. The Danger of Delay - - 219
Song XIV. Examples of early Piety - - - 220

Song XV. Againſt Lying - - - 220
Song XVI. Againſt Quarrelling and Fighting - - 221
Song XVII. Love between Brothers and Siſters - 222
Song XVIII. Againſt Scoffing and calling Names - 223
Song XIX. Againſt Swearing and Curſing, and taking God's Name in vain - - - 223
Song XX. Againſt Idleneſs and Miſchief - - 224
Song XXI. Againſt Evil Company - - 225
Song XXII. Againſt Pride in Clothing - - 225
Song XXIII. Obedience to Parents - - 226
Song XXIV. The Child's Complaint - - 227
Song XXV. A Morning Song - - - 227
Song XXVI. An Evening Song - - - 228
Song XXVII. For the Lord's-day Morning - 228
Song XXVIII. For the Lord's-day Evening - - 229

The Ten Commandments, out of the Old Teſtament, put into ſhort Rhyme for Children (Exod. xx.) 229
The Sum of the Ten Commandments out of the New Teſtament (Matt. xxii. 37) - - 230
Our Saviour's Golden Rule (Matt. vii. 12) - - 230
Duty to God and our Neighbour - - - 230
The Hoſanna: or, Salvation aſcribed to Chriſt - 230
Glory to the Father and the Son, &c. - - 231

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS.

Song I. The Sluggard - - - - 232
Song II. Innocent Play - - - - 233
Song III. The Roſe - - - - 233
Song IV. The Thief - - - - 234
Song V. The Ant, or Emmet - - - 235
Song VI. Good Reſolutions - - - 235
Song VII. A Summer Evening - - - 236

A Cradle Hymn - - - - 237

ASPIN, Printer,
Lombard-Street, Fleet-Street.

List of the Works already published in

COOKE'S

CHEAP AND ELEGANT

POCKET LIBRARY

Each Work may be had in separate Numbers.

SELECT NOVELS.		SELECT NOVELS.		SELECT NOVELS.	
Solyman and Almena	0 6	Adventures of an Atom	1 6	Moral Tales	3 6
Zadig	0 6	Vicar of Wakefield	1 6	Count Fathom	3 6
Almoran and Hamet	0 6	Chinese Tales	1 6	Tales of the Genii	3 6
Sentimental Journey	0 6	Launcelot Greaves	1 6	Roderic Random	3 6
Nourjahad	0 6	Tale of a Tub	1 6	Triſtram Shandy	4 0
Caſtle of Otranto	1 0	Jonathan Wild	1 6	Robinſon Cruſoe	4 0
Raſſelas	1 0	Devil on Two Sticks	2 0	Amelia	4 6
Theodoſius&Conſtantia	1 0	Gulliver's Travels	2 0	Adventures of a Guinea	5 0
Belliſarius	1 0	Siſters	2 0	Gil Blas	5 6
Pompey the Little	1 0	Henrietta	2 0	Peregrine Pickle	6 6
Candid	1 0	Joſeph Andrews	2 6	Tom Jones	6 6
Journey to next World	1 0	Telemachus	3 0	Arabian Nights	7 6
Peruvian Princeſs	1 6	Female Quixotte	3 0	Don Quixotte	8 0
Louiſa Mildmay	1 6	Humphrey Clinker	3 0	Pamela	9 0

SELECT POETS.		SELECT POETS.		SELECT POETS.	
Goldſmith	0 6	Garth	0 6	Moore	1 0
Gray	0 6	Sheffield	0 6	Shakſpeare	1 6
Armſtrong	0 6	Addiſon	1 0	Parnel	1 6
Falconer	0 6	Congreve	1 0	Waller	1 6
Collins	0 6	Tickel	1 0	Langhorne	1 6
Otway	0 6	Fenton	1 0	Glover	2 6
Rocheſter	0 6	Rowe	1 0	Shenſtone	2 0
Smollett	0 6	Mickle	1 0	Akenſide	2 0
Johnſon	0 6	Broome	1 0	Thomſon	2 6
Pomfret	0 6	Mallett	1 0	Young	4 0
Dodſley	0 6	Cunningham	1 0	Pope	4 0
Lyttleton	0 6	Lanſdown	1 0	Milton	4 0
Walſh	0 6	Blackmore	1 0	Dryden	5 6

SACRED CLASSICS.		SACRED CLASSICS.		SACRED CLASSICS.	
Economy of Human Life	0 6	Dodd on Death	1 0	Rowe's Letters	2 0
Death of Abel	1 0	Dodd's Priſon Thoughts	1 0	Pilgrim's Progreſs	2 0
Addiſon's Evidences of the Chriſtian Religion	1 0	Rowe's Devout Exerciſes	1 0	Hervey's Meditations	2 6
		Centaur not Fabulous	1 0		

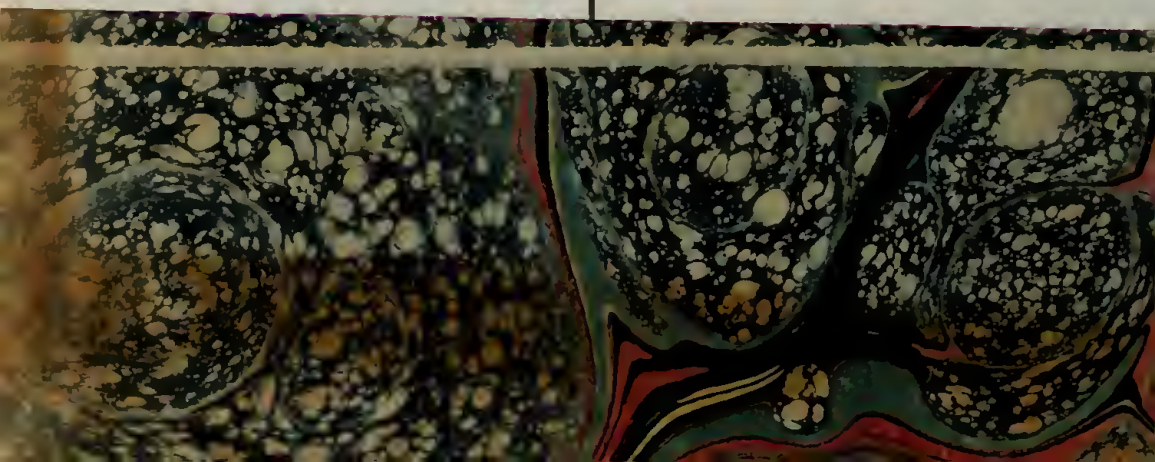
BRITISH CLASSICS.		BRITISH CLASSICS.		BRITISH CLASSICS.	
Goldſmith's Eſſays	1 0	Citizen of the World	3 0	Rambler	6 6
Idler	2 0	Adventurer	5 0		

Which will be followed by others of equal Eſtimation, viz.

The Spectator	Guardian	World
Tatler	Connoiſſeur	Mirror, &c.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

Biomedical Library
4/19/93
MAR 20 1996
RECEIVED
REC'D LD-URL
OCT 19 1998
SEP 09 1998



3 1158 00542 1994

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
B 000 000 038 0